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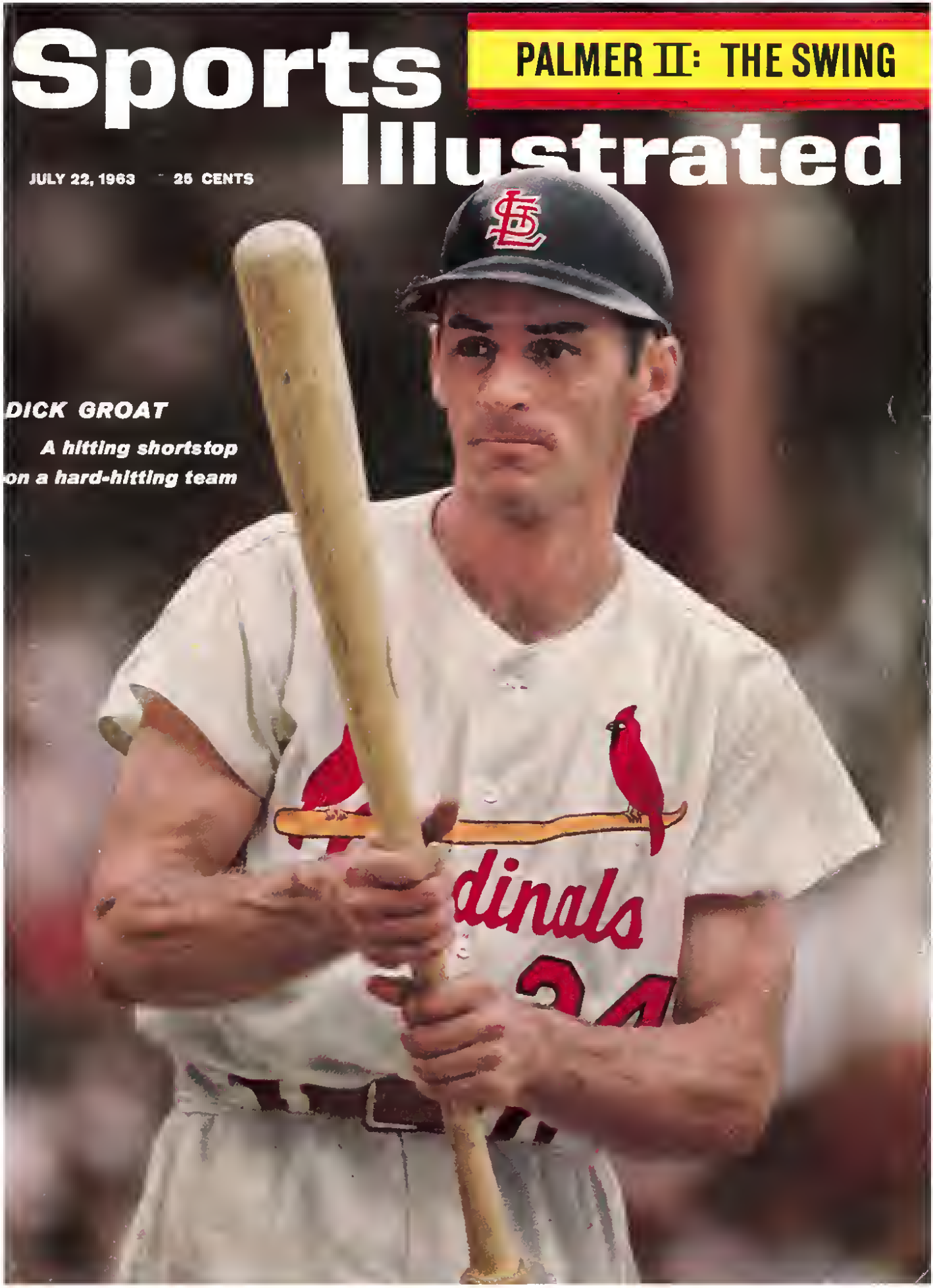

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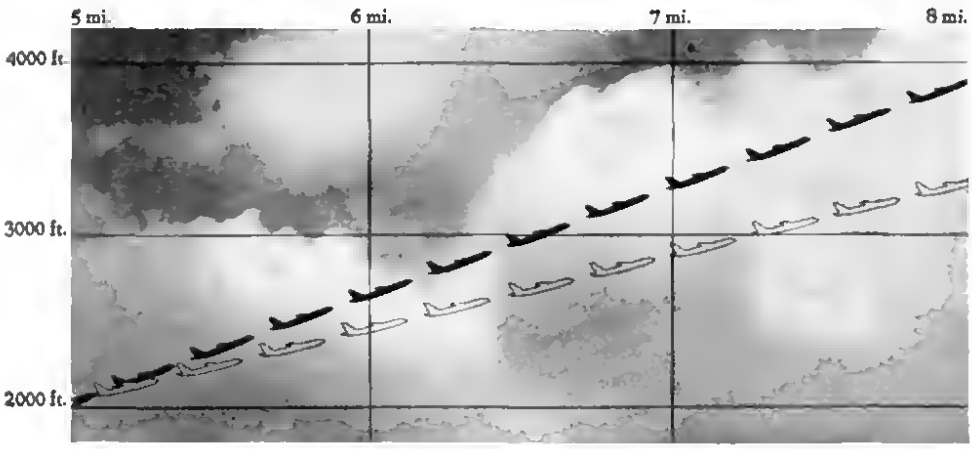

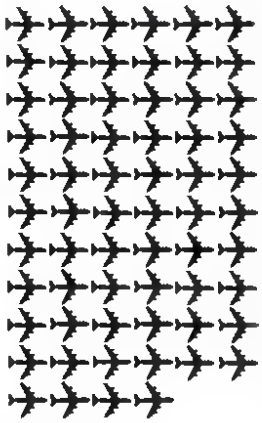

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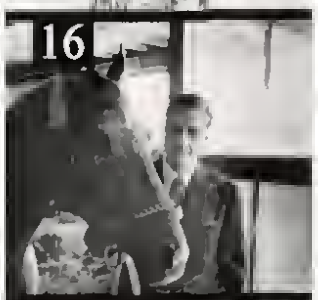

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., except one issue at year end. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. U.S. and Canadian subscriptions $7.00 a year. This issue published in a national edition only.

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THE BIG FIGHT in Las Vegas will determine Patterson's future, but Liston's case is not so simple. A report on who won and how, and some answers to the question: What next?

DIVING GIRLS of the Dick Smith Swim Gym acrobatically tuck and tumble in four color pages, to show why springboard diving is the most graceful—and formful—of all sports.

WEEKEND HOUSES at the seashore do not have to be square, in shape or in spirit, as Andy Geller's creations prove. A six-page look at some breakthroughs in sports architecture.

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SEVEN DOPED HORSES

Ever since the Duke of Norfolk's committee recommended it in 1961, racehorses in England have been examined for doping on a random-selection basis. Now it turns out that during a recent six-week period, random tests produced seven cases in which "positive evidence of doping" was found. The discovery rocked the Jockey Club, which governs flat racing, and the National Hunt Committee, which controls steeplechasing, as severely as the adventures of Christine Keeler rocked the Conservative Party.

"It's a fantastic state of affairs," said Woodrow Wyatt, racehorse owner, Labor Member of Parliament and campaigner for government action on doping. "If these seven were found at random, how many untested horses were doped?"

A good question. The tests covered only two winners and a few unplaced horses at each meeting. These amounted to a mere 10 tests a week. As Norman Pegg observed in the London *Daily Sketch*, when the number is soon stepped up to 30 a week cold arithmetic suggests that the number of doping cases disclosed will increase threefold.

Worse yet, the doping was discovered even as a court at Brighton was hearing evidence in a similar case uncovered in 1962—one that led much alarmed British racing authorities to try to tighten their track security. A thorough investigation may disclose that at the bottom of doping is the low wage level of stable hands, never at best much more than $30 a week. In the opinion of one learned observer, until English stable lads are paid more, doping will almost certainly continue.

A VOICE FROM THE SEA

Among the thousand devotees of submarine adventure who attended the Underwater Society of America's Philadelphia meeting, there were a number engrossed in the problem of whether man can one day breathe water. There has been some early success with dogs and mice under rather special conditions. A number of explorers and technicians expounded the proposition that the land-born human, breathing gases in a natural manner, can live for days and weeks and years below. But the most famous undersea man, Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau, was not among them. He sent regrets from the edge of a reef under the Red Sea, where he was at the time living, swimming, eating, sleeping, dreaming and working. The inherent risks of Captain Cousteau's submergence equal those of the astronauts, but scarcely anyone knew he had left his natural land world. There was no Mercury Control keeping the world in touch with him or a Shorty Powers to tell us what the captain was eating or how he had slept. After a month the captain was still under water.

The difference between the outer-space race and our progress in inner space was summed up at the convention by Clare Boothe Luce, a diving lady of experience (SI, Aug. 11 and 18, 1958). "Today," she said, "the United States is spending billions to beat Soviet Russia to the moon by a nose cone. Prestige is avowedly our government's prime motivation for this colossally costly undertaking. I happen to be one who believes pride is not a particularly worthy motivation for either a great government or its great scientists. The diversion of such vast funds and so many scientists from other efforts far more immediately and proximately useful in the name of prestige is, I believe, regrettable and will sooner or later be regretted.

"I do not doubt that within a decade the American people will come to see that compared to the treasures and pleasures, the riches and knowledge we can gain from visiting the Old Man of the Sea, the Man on the Moon has little to offer. Indeed, by comparison, he is a pauper and a swindler."

TOMORROW THE WORLD

In 1960 France sent 261 athletes to the Olympics. They came home with only five medals, to rank France 17th among the 84 participating nations. President de Gaulle—shocked, mortified and irate—demanded that by 1964 France should assume her rightful position among the leaders. (She ranks fifth in total medals won since the modern Olympics began in 1896.) Last week France had a field day. Her double-sculls team made the Henley final before losing to Holland. She made the Wimbledon finals for the first time since 1934, losing to Mexico in the men's doubles. In athletics and swimming, one European and 14 national records were set or equaled in nine days. THE DAY OF TRANSITION! trumpeted *L'Equipe*, the French sports paper. "Our honor has been saved." By Bastille Day, De Gaulle had not found time to voice his pride in the redemption of the Republic, but the public celebrated without official recognition.

Actually, most nations show improvement in a pre-Olympic year, considering it a period of concentrated practice and development, but do not attempt peak performance until the games begin. France may have shot her bolt too soon—or she may be setting French records today for world records tomorrow.

ANNUAL BLIGHT IN BLIGHTY

English eccentrics are not necessarily old or rich. They can be young and even poor and, as if acting on some natural, rhythmic impulse, they emerge each

year at the height of summer. Like the groundhog, there is always someone who heralds the season's start. This year it was a young man who packs ice cream for a living.

"As you know," he said the other day while nonchalantly strapping on a pair of homemade cane-and-cotton wings, "I am called Partridge and my first name is Donald—the same as that famous duck." With this as sufficient reason, Donald's daring plan was to take off

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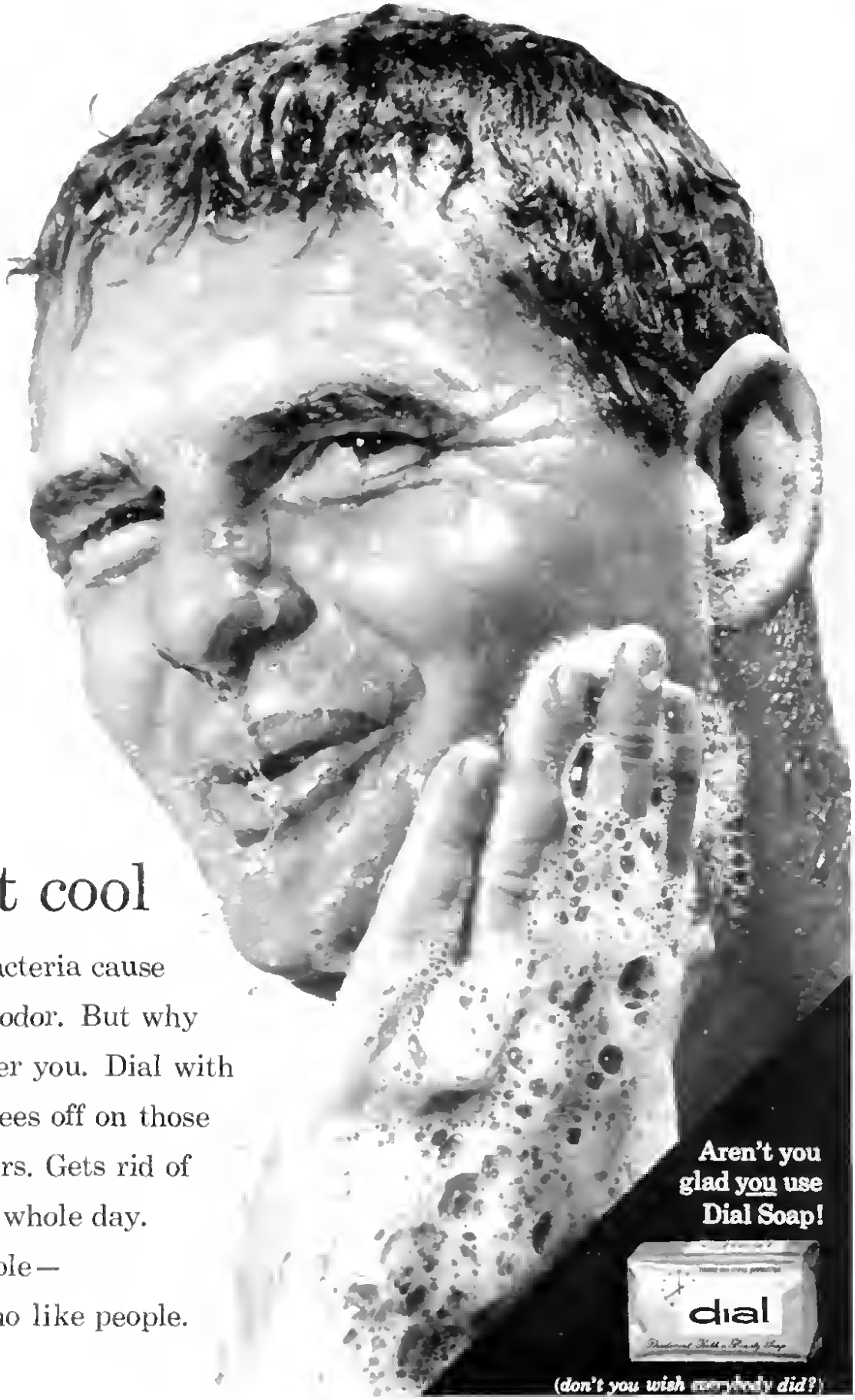

Play it cool

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from London's Hammersmith Bridge, 50 feet above the cold, smirking Thames, and fly away.

"I know my wings will work," Donald said, "as they are designed on similar lines to those of Leonardo da Vinci." With shrewd foresight he wore a pair of blue-striped swimming trunks and a life jacket. Then, in the shivering early morning, Donald Partridge hopped onto a parapet and bravely stepped off. For a moment he hung there, wings flapping and making a noise like washing in a sharp breeze. Then the wings collapsed, and Donald dropped down among some startled swans, to be hauled out by friends who think he is mad but lovable.

Now Donald has plans to make a pair of wings with a 30-foot span and to tie balloons to his feet to keep them up, thus presenting an improved aerodynamic shape to the elements.

DEATH BY TAXES

In tennis circles the name Southampton —meaning the tournament held at the Meadow Club in that Long Island community—has for 74 years been synonymous with one of the finest of tennis events. Southampton, whose role of honor goes back to long before Bill Tilden, has always been a major preliminary to the main events at Brookline and Forest Hills. Recently it has been one of the few tournaments played on grass.

Last week the grass at Southampton was as green as ever, but because the men who control amateur tennis were once again bickering, the tournament was dead. The official reason was withdrawal of sanction by the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association because the Meadow Club refused to pay 5% of all money received as demanded by the USLTA—a demand that included not only gate receipts but even contributions to support the tournament.

"Why should we have to give 5% of a contribution made to support this specific tournament," asked Grenville Walker, chairman of the Meadow Club tournament committee, "when the USLTA has given us no support in even seeing that our top players compete? The tournament has been operating at a loss for several years."

"We are sorry that the club has been losing money," responded a USLTA spokesman, "but it doesn't make any difference. The 5% rule applies to every tournament that has a gate."

Who is right? Both factions are, to some extent, but that is scarcely the point. The point for anyone who cares is that once again amateur tennis has gone down to defeat by default.

As Southampton dies, another famed old tournament—The Nassau Bowl, at the Nassau Country Club—is being revived. Let us hope that it gets better treatment.

SOUR DAY FOR SUGAR

So many sorry things happen to prizefighters during a bout that one might wish they could have an easier time of it outside the ring. The other night, defending his world featherweight championship against Nigerian Rafiu King at Mexico City, Sugar Ramos badly damaged both his hands. Every punch he threw in the final nine rounds cost him excruciating pain. But that was only the climax of his day of tribulation.

On the morning of the bout, Sugar woke up at 7 o'clock and, to his stable's horror, found that he was three pounds over the 126-pound limit. He had until noon to take them off. Since fighters of his caliber are trained down pretty fine, it appeared impossible. It *was* impossible. At the noon weigh-in, he still was half a pound over the limit, with only another hour's grace period in which to sweat it off. He managed it, within 15 minutes of the deadline. Naturally, the effort weakened him.

Then, less than four hours before the bout was to begin, torrential rain and hail poured down on the bullring, El Toreo, site of the match. After the storm ceased, the harried promoters decided to put the fight on an hour early lest the rain descend again. That gave Sugar an hour less in which to regain some of his strength.

Well, he won a 15-round decision anyhow, but Sugar could not have told you whether the fight or what preceded it was the more arduous.

TWO TOURNAMENTS

For good taste, the Piatigorsky chess tournament now under way in Los Angeles probably has never been surpassed in chess history. It is being run with elegance in the big mirrored Embassy Room of the Ambassador Hotel. It involves a month of courtly play by eight famous chess masters—including Russia's exotic new world champion, Tigran Petrosian. Its air of refinement is contributed by the gracious Mrs. Jacqueline Piatigorsky, who learned chess at 6 from her father, Baron Edouard de Rothschild of the Parisian banking family. In 1936 she married Gregor Piatigorsky, the Russian-born-cellist, who is usually ranked second only to Pablo Casals.

Two years ago Mrs. Piatigorsky backed an ill-fated 25-game match between Bobby Fischer and Samuel Reshevsky. It ended in a dispute over the starting time of a postponed game. She asked that the game be started in the morning because her husband was playing in an afternoon concert she wanted to attend; Fischer, a notoriously late riser, refused to play in the morning.

No such unseemly squabbling is likely in the present well-bred tournament. Mrs. Piatigorsky set up the Piatigorsky Foundation to promote chess, with prize money of $10,000 (richest in chess history) for the first annual tournament for the Piatigorsky cup. Cost of the event was $40,000. The contenders were welcomed at Mrs. Piatigorsky's charming garden reception, attended by Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty and Hollywood's chess aristocracy. The opening round, with 500 awed spectators, was a smashing social event.

But with all that, the excitement in chess last week was not at the Ambassador: it was at the Wenonah Hotel in Bay City, Mich. There the Western Open, a traditional, shirt-sleeved vacation-and-chess binge, was being held, attended by scores of midwestern, small-city champions who played almost continuously while their wives and children visited the Great Lakes' beaches.

And there, among 161 contenders, was Bobby Fischer, conspicuously boycotting the lush Piatigorsky tournament. Since several strong players entered—Robert Byrne, Arthur Bisguier and Hans Berliner, among others—the level of play was high, and since Byrne, Bisguier, Berliner and Fischer came down to the wire together, the end was tense. By the time Fischer had won the first prize ($750) with seven victories and one draw, the Western Open was challenging the Piatigorsky for attention.

THEY SAID IT

• Sonny Liston, walking out on a performance of the musical *Flower Drum Song*: "There's too much singing."

• Colonel S. J. O'Connor, Air Force chaplain, concluding the invocation at dedication ceremonies for the Air Force Academy's new golf course: "Before my days are done, I'd love to make a hole in one." **END**

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THE HAM

Photographs by Gerry Cranham

Flamboyant loser Rodgers directs a pleased prayer skyward after sinking the short putt that put him into the playoff.

AND THE KNIFE

Blade-thin and oh-so-sharp, Bob Charles cuts up America's clowning Phil Rodgers in the British Open to give New Zealand—and left-handers everywhere—a proper champion by GWILYM S. BROWN

Royal Lytham and St Anne's, the site of the 103rd British Open, is a lean and dour golf links whose fairways thread their narrow green way between the shallow coastal sand dunes that mark the countryside of Lancashire in northern England. There last week a pair of much glorified Americans ran into some inglorious difficulties, a playoff developed between two of the most dissimilar people ever to confront each other face to face in any sport, and the new champion turned out to be a man whose looks and personality matched the golf course itself, lean and dour Bob Charles of New Zealand.

When he defeated California's plump, bumptious Phil Rodgers by eight strokes in the 36-hole playoff, Charles became the first left-handed golfer ever to win such a major tournament. He thus heartened lefties everywhere who are perpetually uneasy because the world thinks they do things wrong-way-round, and in a different way he heartened all Britannia, for he is the very model of a modern British champion.

Judged by the high-priced, highly polished, show-business standards that prevail in the U.S., British tournament golf seems as out of date as gaslight, but the British like to see the game they founded played their way. Dignity from the players, please. No hat throwing. No shouting. No dancing, no prancing. Just plain, unalloyed golf. Cool as the North Sea and slim as a two-iron, Bob Charles could hardly fit this mold more perfectly. Nor could his playoff challenger have been better cast to give what TV-oriented

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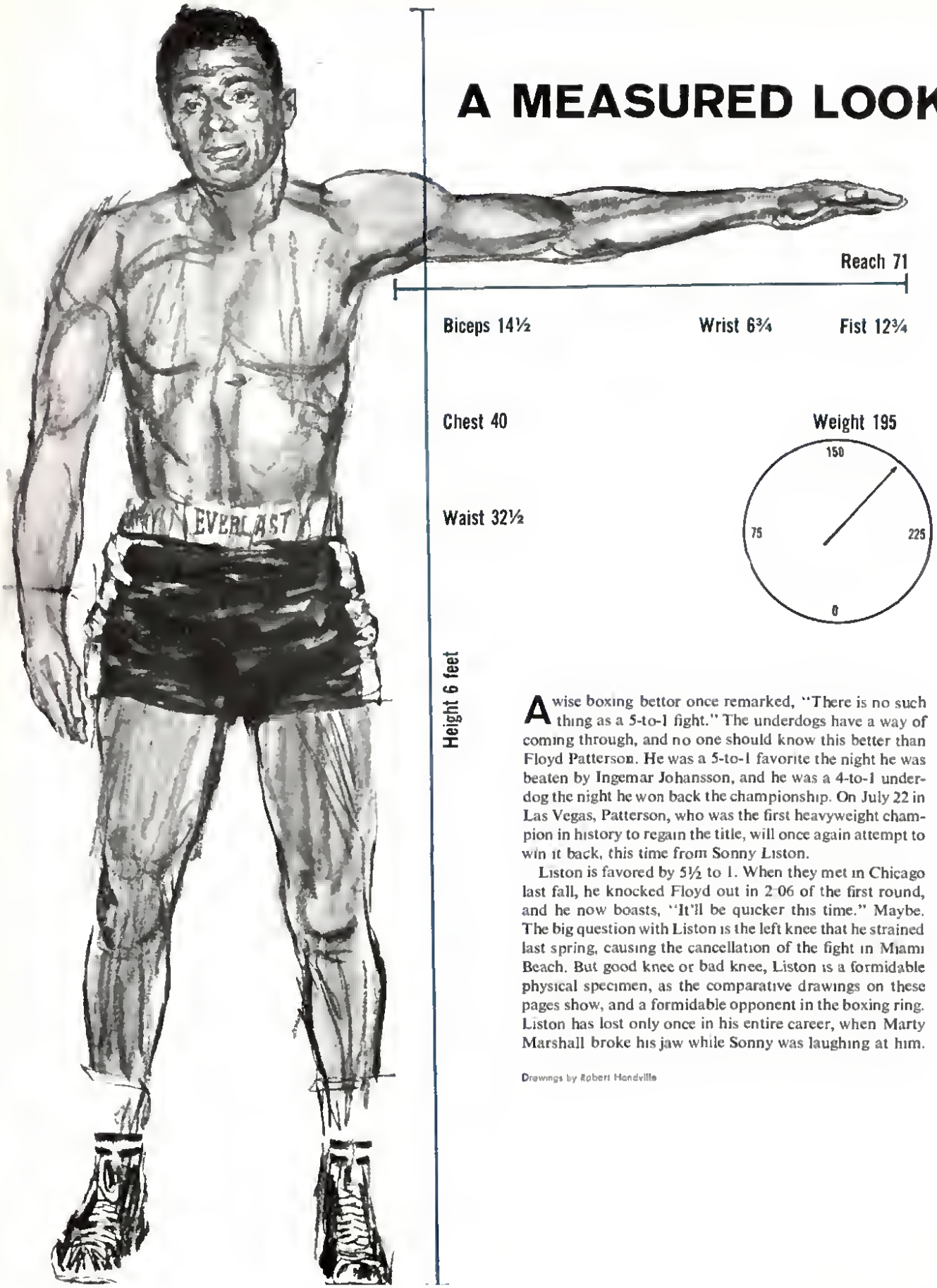
Unemotional winner Charles, his face showing no strain or effort, hits a tee shot with a swing that is as grooved as his temperament

A MEASURED LOOK

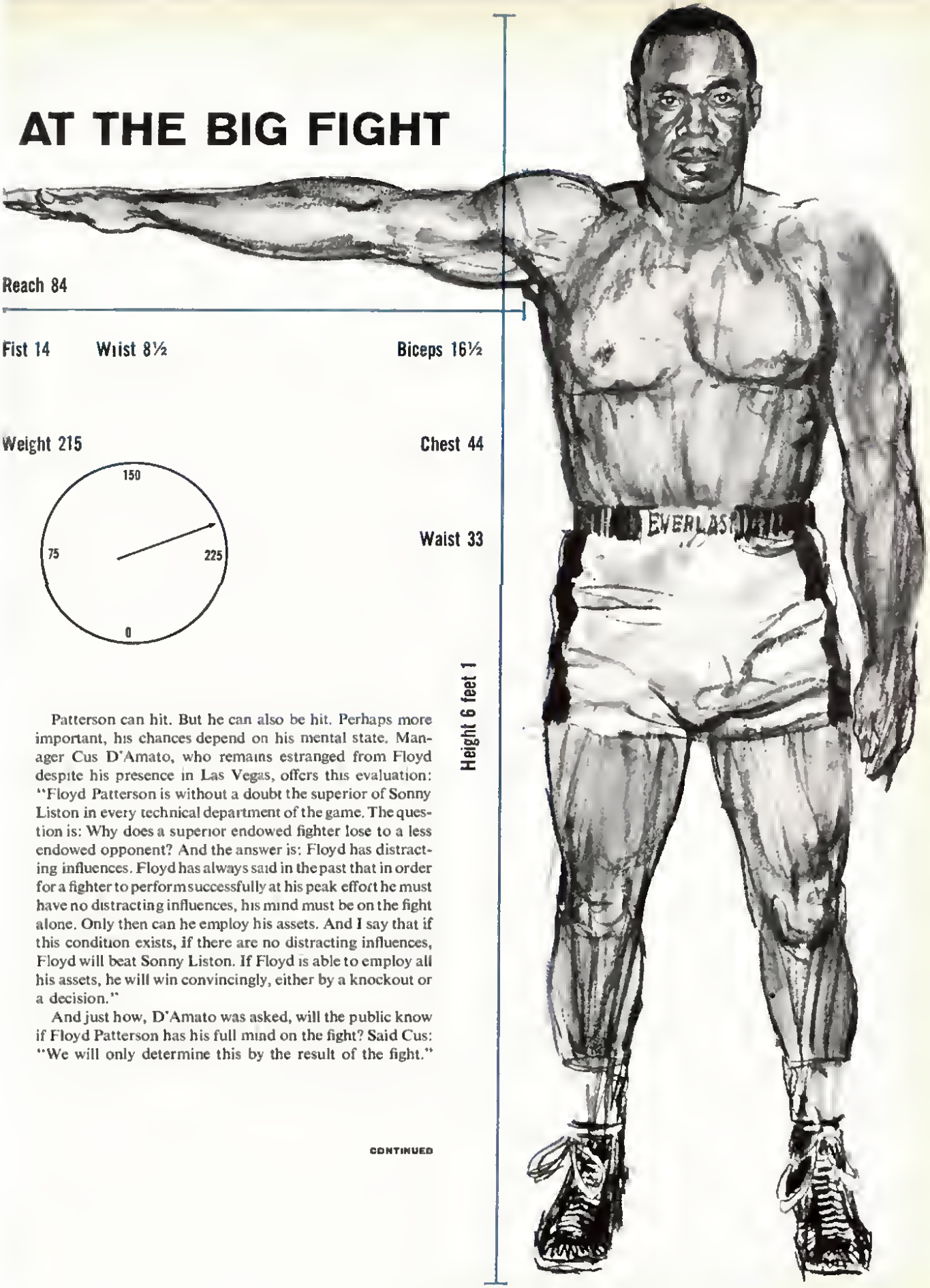


A wise boxing bettor once remarked, "There is no such thing as a 5-to-1 fight." The underdogs have a way of coming through, and no one should know this better than Floyd Patterson. He was a 5-to-1 favorite the night he was beaten by Ingemar Johansson, and he was a 4-to-1 underdog the night he won back the championship. On July 22 in Las Vegas, Patterson, who was the first heavyweight champion in history to regain the title, will once again attempt to win it back, this time from Sonny Liston.

Liston is favored by 5½ to 1. When they met in Chicago last fall, he knocked Floyd out in 2:06 of the first round, and he now boasts, "It'll be quicker this time." Maybe. The big question with Liston is the left knee that he strained last spring, causing the cancellation of the fight in Miami Beach. But good knee or bad knee, Liston is a formidable physical specimen, as the comparative drawings on these pages show, and a formidable opponent in the boxing ring. Liston has lost only once in his entire career, when Marty Marshall broke his jaw while Sonny was laughing at him.

Drawings by Robert Handville

AT THE BIG FIGHT



Patterson can hit. But he can also be hit. Perhaps more important, his chances depend on his mental state. Manager Cus D'Amato, who remains estranged from Floyd despite his presence in Las Vegas, offers this evaluation: "Floyd Patterson is without a doubt the superior of Sonny Liston in every technical department of the game. The question is: Why does a superior endowed fighter lose to a less endowed opponent? And the answer is: Floyd has distracting influences. Floyd has always said in the past that in order for a fighter to perform successfully at his peak effort he must have no distracting influences, his mind must be on the fight alone. Only then can he employ his assets. And I say that if this condition exists, if there are no distracting influences, Floyd will beat Sonny Liston. If Floyd is able to employ all his assets, he will win convincingly, either by a knockout or a decision."

And just how, D'Amato was asked, will the public know if Floyd Patterson has his full mind on the fight? Said Cus: "We will only determine this by the result of the fight."

CONTINUED

THE FIRST FIGHT: THE KNOCKOUT NOBODY SAW

With the exception of a few lucky fans on the west side of the ring, nobody at the Liston-Patterson fight last September really saw how the knockout took place. Closed-circuit-TV audiences didn't see it, either: the cameras were set up east of the ring. Even Cus D'Amato, in Patterson's corner, was as baffled as the fans. While the referee was counting Patterson out, Cus turned to Trainer Dan Florio and asked, "What the hell happened? I didn't see any punches." But one photographer, by chance sitting in an almost perfect position on the west side of the ring, recorded those dramatic seconds of the first—and last—round, along with the unseen knockout. When D'Amato saw the photographs he immediately knew what happened. "The pictures demonstrate that Floyd was hit because he violated a fundamental rule," he says. Here Artist Handville, sketching from those photographs, shows what Patterson did wrong.

Instead of crowding Liston or moving out of range, Patterson makes the mistake of standing only a foot away. Given this punching room, Liston cradles Patterson's head with his right and throws the first of three left hooks. The punch lands high on Floyd's right hand, and he drops the hand from his temple. He grabs for the ropes as Liston moves in. A second left hook to the temple staggers him.

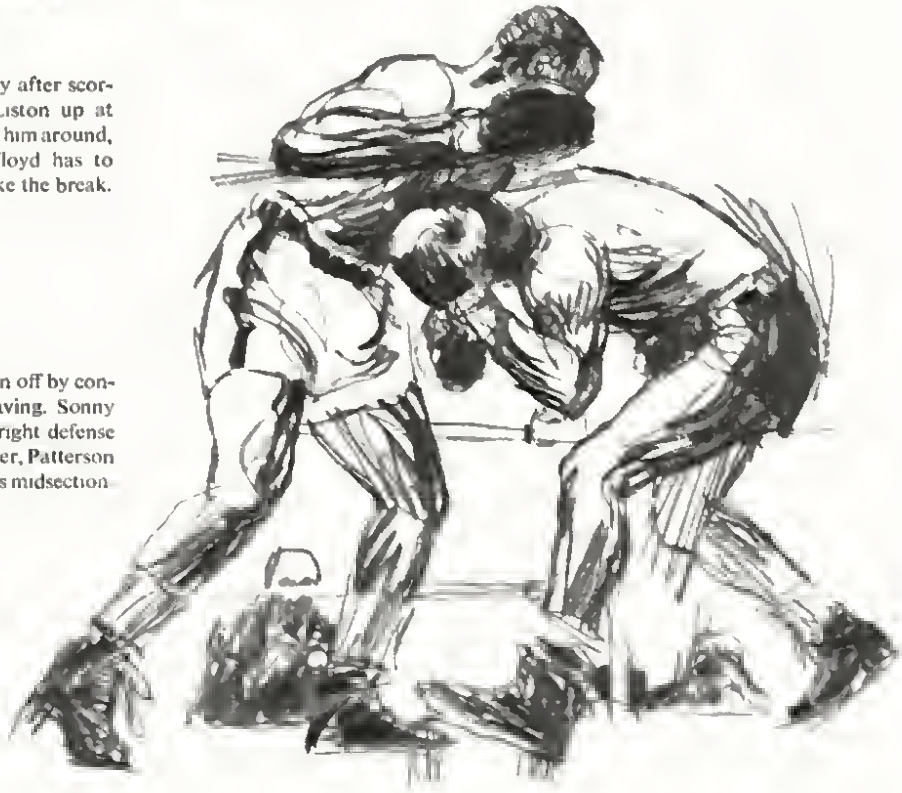
With Patterson now wide open, Sonny cocks and throws the third and final hook. It lands squarely on the right side of Patterson's fully exposed jaw, and he slumps to the canvas unconscious. "I was feeling him out," Floyd explained later in the dressing room. "I was surprised to see how slow he was. I was surprised that I could see every punch. But after that everything went black."

THE SECOND FIGHT: WHAT FLOYD MUST DO TO WIN IT

If he fights unthinkingly, Patterson has no chance whatsoever against Liston. Sonny has the advantage in weight, height, reach, strength and punch. To beat Liston, Patterson must be on the move constantly, going in, getting out fast, staying to Liston's right to avoid the explosive left. Patterson should try to goad Liston, to make him angry when he misses. Then, as the fight wears on, he can start throwing some bombs of his own.

Patterson must move to Liston's right to avoid the left hand. When Floyd moves in, he will have to try to slip the long, jolting jab, but once he is on the inside he is on relatively safe ground.

If Patterson can't get away after scoring inside, he must tie Liston up at once. Sonny will try to bull him around, by sheer strength, but Floyd has to wait for the referee to make the break.



Patterson can throw Liston off by continually bobbing and weaving. Sonny can batter through an upright defense but, by ducking in and under, Patterson can hope to land to Liston's midsection.

WORRIED

I always heard that horse racing was the sport of kings and now I know. I have to confess that it is far too rich for my plebeian blood.

You may have heard of a filly named Nubile. At Aqueduct on July 6 she dared to run against the great Cicada and was beaten by only a neck. Next Saturday at Delaware Park, Nubile will run in the New Castle Stakes. The following Saturday, July 27, she will run in the Delaware Handicap, the richest race in the world for female horses. If she should win these two—and you have to give her a chance off her record—she could earn $156,000 in eight days.

Wouldn't you like to own her? Unless you happen to be a king, don't answer too fast. *I* own her—and, being just a commoner, I'm not sure I like it at all.

Every horseplayer dreams of some day owning a racehorse, and I have been a horseplayer for 39 years. Every owner dreams of having a stakes horse, and I have been an owner for six years. Nubile is my dream come true, the fulfillment of all my ambitions. I should be delirious with joy. I should be singing from morning till night. Am I delirious? No. Am I singing? No. What am I? I'm worried, that's what.

Owning horses used to be fun. I started with a $4,000 mare named Wedding Ring. The trainer who helped me buy her assured me that I couldn't possibly lose, since she was worth more than that as a broodmare even if she never won a race. She immediately won a $950 purse at Florida's Sunshine Park. Then she ran third at Delaware Park, and my delight knew no bounds.

As all too often happens in horse racing, Wedding Ring went lame. Lame, schmame. All I had to do was sell her as a broodmare and start over with another horse. But again, as so often happens in racing, I had been too optimistic. Nobody wanted to buy her as a broodmare. I tried to give her away in return for her first foal. Still no takers. So I found myself forced into the breeding

The author and his racehorse Nubile, shown together at left, were just a couple of commoners having a good time. Then suddenly this summer she set out to make him a king of the turf **by ERNEST HAVEMANN**

MAN WITH A FRIGHTENING FILLY

business. I put her on a Kentucky farm and bred her to a young and untried stallion named Distillate—not so much because of his bloodlines, though his bloodlines were spectacular, but because at that stage of his career he was free.

When the veterinarian said Wedding Ring was in foal, the hope that springs almost eternal in the horseplayer's breast started to spring once more. Perhaps Wedding Ring had been a bad investment as a racehorse, but now she would drop a fine big colt that would put my stable in the black.

With my luck being what it was, she dropped not a colt but a filly. I named her Nubile, which was another mistake. I thought it was generally known that Nubile is pronounced "nooble" (to rhyme with ruble) and means ripely marriageable. But even Fred Capossela at Aqueduct, who is supposed to be the world's most erudite race caller, pronounces it new-*beel* and seems to feel that it has some sort of connection with the auto industry.

Nubile was fun, though unprofitable, as a 2-year-old. She once worked a half mile in a fast .46, keeping that hope springing. But she never had enough success to be worrisome, nothing better than fourth. Then last year, in her first start as a 3-year-old, a $6,000 claiming race at Pimlico, she won so easily that, paradoxically, all the fun began to disappear. When you have a cheap horse, you can blithely enter it in claiming races, not caring and sometimes even half hoping that somebody will take it away from you. You can be pleased when it runs fourth and earns $125, delighted when it runs third and earns $250, delirious when it runs second and earns $500 and absolutely out of your mind when it wins and earns $1,425. When you have a good horse, you start to worry.

Suppose you have too little faith, enter it in a $10,000 claimer, lose it—then watch it go on to win a couple of hundred thousand for its new owner? On the other hand, suppose you keep running the horse over its head, never winning even a nickel in purses, until you have broken its heart and destroyed its will to win?

I figure—or I figured then, I'm not so sure now—that if you are in a crazy business like horse racing you should go for broke. I decided to run Nubile in allowance races only, where nobody could take her away. She promptly got beaten nine times in a row. I have two partners who started with a piece of Wedding Ring and thus own a piece of Nubile. You should have heard them grumble.

It was not until last October that Nubile won again. Then she won four in the space of eight weeks, against good company and at distances up to 1⅛ miles. I felt great, my judgment vindicated. I also felt more harassed than ever.

What to do next? Send her to Santa Anita for the winter, while she was at her peak? Or rest her up and hope for a really great season in 1963? We decided on the rest. With a total lack of appreciation, Nubile got so fat that it was the middle of April before she was ready to compete again. She ran fourth, against mares that were anything but world beaters.

Freelance Writer Havemann, who had one delightful but traumatic experience with racing when he won $61,908 in Caliente's 5-10 pool early this year, here reports on another.

Still, to my eyes, she had that look of eagles. I sent away a check for $250 to enter her in those two big races at Delaware, and some other checks for handicaps at Aqueduct and in New Jersey. What with these stakes fees and the training bills, all the profits she had made in the last few months of 1962 began to melt away. Soon I was having dreams where I was hauled before a judge and asked to explain how I had managed to show no profit whatever with a horse that was better than at least 90% of all the horses in the world.

I'm crazy about this filly. I have spent a lot of time with her in training hours, and I can tell just by walking her once around the barn how she feels. If she jumps in the air every time she turns a corner and tries to shake me off the other end of the shank, she's happy. If she merely plods along, she is depressed. When she is depressed she won't eat enough oats to keep up her strength unless you cut up carrots real fine and mix them in. I have cut up hundreds of carrots for her, which is more than I have done for my wife.

In the paddock before a race, she stands absolutely still, not nervous, not washy like many fillies. Once her trainer, Rein Vandernat, has tightened the saddle girth, she turns her head my way so that I can put her blinkers on. I always know she will do her best. She has not won in nine starts this year, but she has never run a bad race. It has been almost a year since she failed to finish at least as close as fourth.

Still, how can anybody not a king stand this kind of excitement? Personally, I have always had to work for a living. I started in the Depression, my first year's salary was $825, and large sums of money make me nervous. On July 6 at Aqueduct, first place was worth $12,622 more than second place. If the race had been five feet longer, Nubile would have been first instead of second. I felt proud of her, ecstatic—and also a little sick. This Saturday the difference between first money and second will be around $30,000 and next week around $95,000. What if I have to live through a photo finish *then*?

I may not even go near the two big Delaware races. If somebody made me an offer, I might even sell Nubile—and simultaneously shed a tear and heave a sigh of relief. These pains in my stomach tell me that what I really want to do is buy a nice inconspicuous little horse who would have a chance for one of those $950 pots at Sunshine Park. Then I could start to enjoy racing again. END

Part II:

MY GAME AND YOURS BY ARNOLD PALMER

THE SWING IS SIMPLE

Hitting a golf ball is not the difficult feat most instructors would have you believe. Forget all those complex axioms of the game. Here, from grip to follow-through, are the few essentials you need to know

I started this series of articles last week by saying it, and now I want to say it again: Golf is a deceptively simple game. It is 90% mental. It is a game to be relished, savored and enjoyed, and it is only played well when these pleasures are in evidence. Books, and indeed whole series of books, have been written analyzing the hitting of a golf ball as if it were a rocket launching that involved half a million complicated parts, any one of which might suddenly fail. It isn't. There are very few really important things to know about the golf grip and swing. Therefore what follows on these pages is about all of the technical golf instruction I will offer you, because it is all you need. It is divided into three segments—the grip, the head and feet, and the compact swing.

The Grip

The single most fundamental and most neglected aspect of golf is the grip. Without the right grip on the club you can practice for years, you can develop a swing that is a perfect picture of grace and balance and yet you can never play anywhere near your potential. With the right grip you can make all kinds of other mistakes. It is the cardinal virtue that can compensate for a dozen golfing sins. Yet rare is the golfer with a good grip. Even some of the touring pros have never learned its secret.

The first thing a person does when he decides to give golf a try is to pick up a club. Unfortunately, the "natural" way to pick it up—after years of holding baseball bats, suitcase handles, brooms or frying pans—is the wrong way, and it is at this moment that lifelong duffers are born.

There is only one right way to grip a golf club. The grip has to keep both hands locked together and working together, and it has to hold the club tight enough to avoid even the slightest turning in the hands, while at the same time leaving the muscles sufficiently relaxed for a nice easy swing. Refer to the color photographs, and I will explain how to accomplish this double objective.

Let us start with the left hand, where the last three fingers do the work. They have to hold the shaft tight against the

continued

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Palmer, his hands colored to accent pressure fingers (red), shows how the left-hand grip starts.

Mirrored images at left and right give a unique multisided view of the complete left-hand grip.

The right palm can now fit firmly over the left thumb, with two fingers (red) applying pressure.

This view of the Palmer grip, and its mirrored images, shows the final position of both hands.

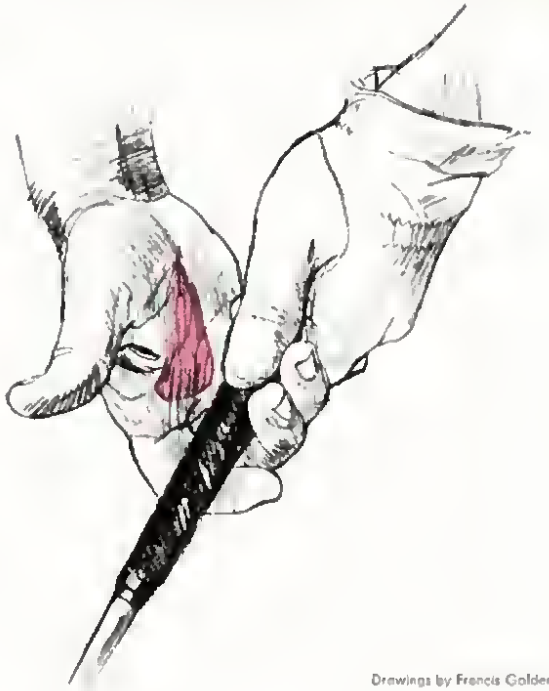
palm—tight enough so that it can't turn, yet not so tight as to get cramped and stiff. You lay the shaft diagonally across the left palm, from the base of the index finger to the opposite corner, then close the last three fingers snugly. The forefinger and thumb play a secondary role. They help steady your hold on the club and give you the necessary sense of "feel."

Now put the right hand on the club. Here the two middle fingers do the job. Like the last three fingers of the left hand, they apply the pressure—tight enough to keep the club from turning, but not unnaturally tight. The little finger of the right hand overlaps the index finger of the left hand and forms a link between the two, keeping them working together. (This is, of course, the Vardon overlapping grip, which is used by almost all golfers today.) The thumb and forefinger, like the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, help steady your grip and give you the feel of the club. But it is the middle two fingers that do most of the work. I have heavy callouses running almost the entire length of my two middle fingers (*see below*) and almost no callouses anywhere else.

There is one other thing to watch about the right hand. Notice that if you start to close the fingers of your hand, as if about to make a fist, a little pocket forms in the palm (*see right*). It runs from the heel of the hand—the lower left corner as you look at it—diagonally up toward the base of the index finger. This pocket is very important. When you put your right hand on the club this pocket must fit over your left thumb. Then the part of your right hand lying below the thumb must close firmly, pressing against the left thumb with a good, snug hold.

If you are holding the club with the last three fingers of your left hand and the middle two fingers of your right hand, and if your left thumb is cradled firmly in that little pocket of your right hand, with the part of the right hand below the thumb keeping a steady pressure, then you've got it.

What you have done—and you can see this for yourself—is firm up and consolidate your grip to the point where there is an absolute minimum of air space anywhere between your hand and the club. Your grip is so steady that the stress of the backswing is not going to jar it loose at any point. Nor will the shock of impact when you hit the ball, a shock that is much more violent than golfers realize. At the same time, you have got your hands nicely locked together so that they can work as a team. As your wrists start breaking on the backswing, they can move in perfect unison; they won't fight each other as they do in most bad grips. On the downswing they are free to put into the club all the whip of which your muscles are capable.



Drawings by Francis Golden

This is the pocket (shaded) in the right palm that locks the left thumb in place.

You may not be happy with your grip at the start. You can tell by looking at it that it is absolutely right, according to all principles of physiology and engineering, but it probably won't feel good the first time you try it—there is an old saying around golf courses that if a grip feels comfortable at the start there is probably something wrong with it. You may find that the two pressure fingers of your right hand are not used to doing that kind of work and tend to get tired and sore. You may have trouble keeping the pressure on with your right hand below the thumb. But believe me, this is the right way to hold the club. Master it and you are more than halfway home as a golfer.

Now then, about those famous Vs. I have left them until last because their importance has been stressed so much in recent golf teaching that the basic principle of the grip has been neglected. They are important, all right. But they are a refinement of the grip, not the fundamental part of it.

The Vs are the angles formed by your thumbs and forefingers as you grip the club, and where the Vs point depends on where you have placed your hands on the shaft. The standard advice given by most pros is that you should place the left hand on the shaft so that when you look down

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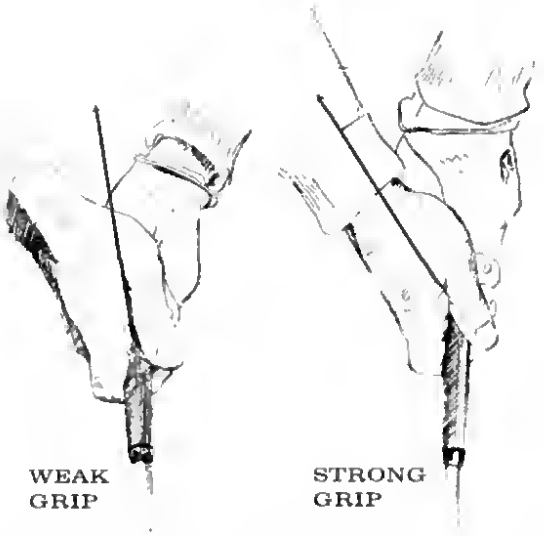
When the grip is correct, callouses will develop in the sections shaded in color.

Photographs by Richard Meek



Moving the Vs controls hook or slice. The strong grip is best for amateurs.

PALMER *continued*

on it from the position in which you address the shot, you can see two knuckles, the knuckle of the index finger and the one next to it. Then, after you have put your right hand on the club, you should have the Vs of both hands pointing toward your right shoulder.

This is a useful generalization, and as true as most generalizations, but it can get you into trouble. A little golfing theory is in order here. If you address the ball with your hands somewhat toward the right as they lie on the club—that is to say, with those Vs aimed at the point of your right shoulder, or even beyond—then your hands, as they move into their natural position in the hitting area, will be closing the face of the club a little.

When the Vs point well to the right we call it a "strong" grip (*see above*). By closing the club face at the point of impact; the "strong" grip tends to overcome any natural inclination to slice.

When the Vs point straight up and down we call it a "weak" grip. By opening the club face at the point of impact, this "weak" grip tends to overcome any natural tendency to hook.

So the fact of the matter is that no two golfers should ever see exactly the same number of knuckles on the left hand. The ideal number for you may just happen to be two, as the guidebook says—but it is much more likely to be some queer fraction like 2.367 or 1.835. Your Vs should perhaps point to the seam of your sweater on your right shoulder or to your Adam's apple, all depending on your swing. Every player is a little different, and all players may change from time to time.

Most professional golfers have a natural tendency to hook the ball. (A slight hook is a great asset. All other things being equal, the beginner who finds that he hooks the ball right from the start will turn out to be a better golfer than the beginner who slices it.) Playing day in and day out, moreover, develops the hands and wrists, and this further encourages a hook. So a great many pros use the weak grip. You can see in the color photographs that my own grip is very much in this direction. The V of my left hand usually points to my chin, the V of my right hand to the inside of my right shoulder. But don't copy my Vs. They quite likely are not right for you.

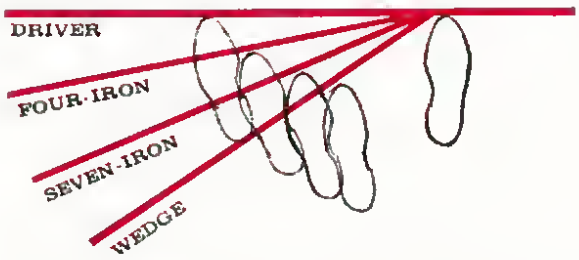
Most weekend amateurs have a tendency to slice and should use the strong grip. This is particularly true at the start of the season, after a long winter in which the golfing muscles were never used. It would be less true in the middle of a long vacation when the amateur was playing every day. At such a time, when lots of golf has toned up his muscles, he will almost surely start hooking the ball unless he moves his hands a little to the left. The best way to find out for sure where your Vs should point is to take some lessons and get your pro's advice. The only other way is through trial and error. If you are consistently slicing, move the Vs to the right. If you are consistently hooking, move them to the left. But don't let any shifting of the hands on the club cause you to change the proper pressures and positions of the basic grip. Nothing must change that.

There are two other types of grip: the baseball and the interlocking. If your hands are unusually weak or unusually small, you may get a better hold on the club with one of these. Many women, I think, would profit from using the baseball grip. So probably would many older players who have begun to get a touch of arthritis or rheumatism in their hands. Both these grips, however, are simply variations on a theme. You still have to apply the same pressures and firmness as you do when using the Vardon grip.

These two less common grips have some advantages for certain types of players.

The Head and Feet

We have to talk about the head and feet before we can talk about the swing, because they are the anchor points around which the entire swing revolves. Unless you have got your feet firmly planted on the turf, and your head



The stance gets narrower and more open as the clubs range from driver to wedge.

firmly fixed at one definite spot, your swing cannot be steady enough to be any good.

Actually, there is not much you have to worry about as far as your feet are concerned. You just want to get comfortable. You do not want your feet so far apart that they will keep you from turning your body smoothly. Nor do you want them too close together, for this also would restrict your swing. If you stand up to the ball naturally, you will find that your stance tends to be about as wide as your shoulders when you are using a driver. Then as you move down to the shorter clubs your feet tend to move closer together, until they are perhaps no more than six inches apart when you are choking the pitching wedge for a little 30-yarder. This moving of the feet closer together is possible, of course, because the arc of the swing is getting smaller. The relative amount of stability you are getting remains the same.

As far as the angle of your feet is concerned, they will be all right if you just get set in the position that seems to be the best balanced. Ordinarily, the way most golfers do it, the left foot is at a slight angle, with the toe pointed out toward the hole. The right foot is either more or less perpendicular to the line of flight or also pointed a little to the left. It doesn't really matter.

You know about the open stance and the closed stance, of course. The stance with the wedge usually is quite open; the left foot is moved well back from the intended line of flight. Then as you go to the longer clubs the stance gradually closes, a little more with each club. With the driver, the stance is completely square, with the feet placed evenly on the line of flight, or somewhat closed, with the right foot drawn back from the line. Again, this seems to be something that usually happens by itself as the golfer just tries to get comfortable.

A big part of feeling good over the ball is to have the feet planted solidly from toe to heel, like a brick sitting in the turf. You want all those spikes dug in, nice and firm. To achieve this, you have got to flex your knees a little so that you are "sitting down to the ball," as the saying goes. Actually, you are standing just about as you might if you were making the first move to sit down in a chair; or as if you were water-skiing. Your knees are bent just enough to make your legs feel flexible and relaxed. They are all set to help you make a smooth, easy turn as you start your swing.

As you stand up to the ball, you are not so far away that you have to crouch to reach it or so close that you have to stand stiffly upright. You are bent forward a little at the waist, and your arms hang loosely. You may want to check yourself against the drawings below and on the following page, because this is the part of the stance that seems to cause more trouble than any other for the golfer whose practice time is limited.

Many amateurs make the golf swing harder than it is by standing well away from the ball—which forces them to crouch and bend too far. You see more people bending too far over the ball than standing too erect. This throws their weight forward onto the balls of their feet and gets them completely off balance. You can't swing well unless your feet are fixed so firmly and your weight is so evenly in balance that you feel like a basketball player who is on guard and ready to move either right or left. Aside from this trouble spot, there is not much to worry about as far as the feet are concerned.

continued

In correct stance, the golfer bends slightly, but he does not reach for the ball.

Correct stance, seen from the right side, reveals flexed knees and good balance.

PALMER *continued*

If only this were true of the head! But the head is a different matter entirely. You can't consistently execute a good golf shot unless you keep your head entirely still over the ball—and holding the head still isn't easy. Even the pros, gifted with a maximum of natural ability, have had to spend years concentrating on holding their heads steady, and they will still move them from time to time in spite of all their efforts.

If you raise your head during the swing, you are going to top the ball, or at best get nothing more than a very low, flat shot, with no distance. If you lower your head during the swing, you will hit behind the ball or at best hit it "fat," taking some turf before impact. If you move your head to the left, you get a drastic hook. If you move your head to the right, you can also get a hook or, more likely, a bad slice or push to the right.

Many golfers think it is easy to keep the head steady. They think that all you have to do is keep your eye on the ball. Thus when the amateur tops a shot his friends say, "You looked up." They are wrong. At least, they are usually wrong because, though you may move your head as a result of taking your eye off the ball, keeping your eye on it provides no guarantee that your head will remain steady. Your eyes and head work independently. So it is not enough just to keep your eye on the ball. You must consciously and deliberately force your head to hold still. This takes prolonged effort and concentration. It probably is the hardest part of golf to learn.

Like almost everybody who plays golf, I was once a head-mover. I don't do it anymore, though—at least not very often. In fact, I suppose that holding my head still is the thing I do best in golf. I move it hardly a fraction of an inch on the backswing or a fraction of an inch on the downswing, at least not until long after the ball is in the air. Look at the color picture at right. Notice that in all the action of that swing my head has moved hardly at all. If everybody could learn to hold his head still, there wouldn't be any golfers around still trying vainly to break 100. In fact, there wouldn't be any 90 shooters. Everybody would be playing in the 70s or the low 80s. This would be a real happy country.

I wish I could give you 10 easy rules for how to do it, but I cannot. I fought the problem for years. I worked on my grip until I had it perfected and could forget it. I learned to get comfortable over the ball so that I could forget my feet. I learned about the compact swing—that's relatively easy, as you'll see shortly—and quit worrying about that part of the game. And then I concentrated on holding my head still. I thought about it almost every time I hit the ball. I made up my mind to hold steady. When I moved on a shot, I forced myself to do better the next time. Getting comfortable over the ball is part of it: if you have good balance and your feet are firmly placed you have a far better chance to hold steady. Relaxation is part of it: if your body movements flow free and easy there is no irresistible physical force to pull you off your axis and make you sway. But it is mostly a matter of concentration: you have got to be determined to hold steady. And after that it is a matter of practice.

I don't think there is any mechanical method or shortcut that will help you keep your head still. You have just got to think about it and practice it until it becomes second nature. You can never forget the head entirely. Even now, if I do not keep reminding myself from time to time that I must keep my head steady, I would go right back to moving it again.

Are you doing it? I would say that if you have a halfway decent grip and are still shooting over 90, you are almost surely moving your head, and have been ever since you took up golf. If you used to shoot in the 70s but have gone up into the 80s, you have acquired the habit. You will have to work on the problem. All I can do is wish you good concentration—and good luck. The result will be worth it.

continued

This multiple-exposure photograph shows how still Palmer keeps his head through the backswing and downswing—even with the distraction of flashbulbs. The clubhead swept from the orange shaft (left) to the green on top and the yellow near impact.

The Compact Swing

As you may have observed if you have ever watched me play, I have one of the biggest "turns" in golf. By this I mean that when I take the clubhead back, my whole body rotates far to the right, until I have virtually turned my back to the spot where I am aiming the ball. My left hip swings way around, and so do my shoulders.

Did I plan my swing that way? No, I never did. Neither did my father, when he was teaching me the game. In fact, at one of my early professional tournaments, when many of the other pros were seeing me play for the first time, one of them nudged my father, who was also watching me, and asked, "Did you teach him that turn?" My father replied, "Now wouldn't that have been a silly thing to do?"

What he meant was that a teaching pro should not urge his pupils to think one way or another about the body turn. The golfer himself should *never* worry about whether he is making a large turn or a small one. I certainly never think about it. The only reason I know I have a big turn is that other golfers have told me and that I have seen it for myself in pictures. And the only reason I have this kind of turn is that it comes naturally to me. Given my kind of physique, and the kind of physical condition that results from playing nearly every day, my hands and arms just naturally pull my body around into a big turn when I take the clubhead back.

Such a turn is a wonderful asset in golf, for the turn generates power, and the bigger the turn the greater the power. But it is not something you should plan or worry about. If your leg, torso and shoulder muscles have the strength and agility to give you a big turn, you will have it. If not, you will have to—and should—settle for a little less.

As a matter of fact, almost everything that has been written or discussed about the golf swing—all the millions of words devoted to the turn, the pivot and the weight shift—has been unnecessarily complicated and confusing. I urge you to forget it—for the truth is this, the swing is the easiest part of golf. Once you have got the right grip—and once you hold your head steady—it is almost physically impossible to swing badly. There are two rules and two rules only that you have to remember about the swing. You can make them part of your second nature in a mere half hour on the practice tee.

Rule No. 1 is to take the club back smoothly and without breaking your wrists as you start your backswing. You have to take it straight back "in one piece," as they say around the golf course, without any wrist action at all. Do this for the first 12 inches that the clubhead moves, and you have got the swing practically licked. Look at the color photograph at left and you will see exactly how this is done.

If the beginning of the swing is correct, little else can go wrong. Here Palmer displays what he means by bringing the club "back in one piece." In the first 12 inches of the backswing the wrists do not break, thus insuring a smooth body turn.

Starting the club this way gets your entire body into the act. To take the club back in one piece you have to use your leg muscles, your torso muscles, your shoulders. Your body gets started on a nice, easy, well-coordinated pattern of motion, from feet to shoulders. And now you can forget everything else you have ever heard about how the body and arms are supposed to behave during the swing, for once you are past that important first 12 inches you would have to be a genius to manage to do anything wrong.

Do you have to worry about swinging "inside out," that ideal we hear so much about? No. The clubhead has to come inside out if it is started back correctly. Do you have to worry about shifting your weight? Of course not. All the standard advice about shifting the weight is completely unnecessary. It is worse than that: it is confusing and harmful. If you take the club back in one piece, your weight just naturally shifts to the right foot. You cannot help shifting your weight. You do not have to think about it any more than you have to think which foot to move next when you are walking.

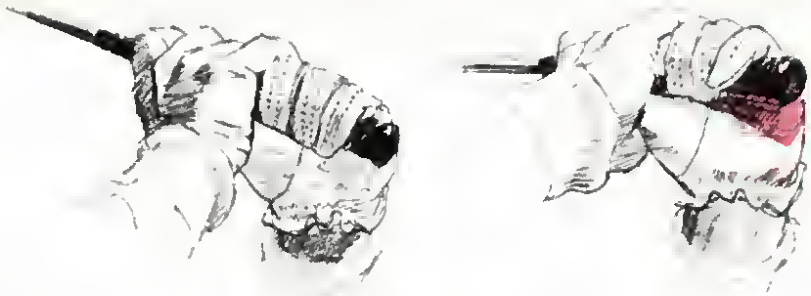
The same thing happens in reverse when you have swung the clubhead back as far as you can and get ready to hit the ball. As you start your downswing, your weight must shift to your left foot. If you did not shift your weight you would be standing there with your arms in the air the rest of the day.

What must have happened somewhere back in golfing history is that a theoretician noticed that golfers shift their weight in this manner and promptly decided to turn it into a law. But in putting the facts into a rule of instruction, he got them backward. Instead of saying what was the fact, namely, that when you take your backswing your weight shifts to the right foot, and when you take your downswing your weight shifts to the left foot, he made everybody nervous by claiming that you must consciously shift your weight to swing properly. What had always been an instinctive movement became a self-conscious and awkward chore. It was as if he had announced, "To breathe properly, one must always exhale after inhaling, and must always inhale after exhaling." You breathe in and out from the moment of birth without thinking about it. If you start worrying about it, it gets to be a problem.

What is true about the weight shift is also true about the turn, or pivot. The theoreticians are correct when they say that the golf swing is like "turning in a barrel" or "turning like a barber pole." If you think of yourself as having an imaginary pole running from your head to your feet, it is correct that this pole simply revolves on its axis, first to the right on your backswing, then to the left on the downswing. The pole doesn't sway or shift laterally. But you don't have to think about this to achieve it. You cannot possibly take a backswing, if you start the club back as I have said, without turning your body. About the only way you can manage to do it wrong is to start thinking about it.

Rule No. 2 is to keep the club under control at all times,

continued



CORRECT INCORRECT

Loosening the grip at the top of the backswing (see shaded area) is a common and quite serious mistake.

or, to use a phrase that I like, to keep the swing *compact*. It is an easy rule to follow; at least, it should be. Yet, strangely, many pros violate it at times, and most amateurs violate it most of the time.

We all like to hit the ball as far as we can, and the best way to hit it a mile seems to be to take the biggest possible wind-up. I say seems. What the natural human urge for power often does is make us strain too hard, take too big a backswing, lose control of the club and dissipate our power completely.

Each of us has his own limits. We can take the club back just so far, and no farther. For most pros, the distance is considerable. Many of them have such a long backswing that the club goes up and around all the way to the horizontal, and even past the horizontal, until it is actually dipping toward the ground. Only a few amateurs—the strongest of them, with muscles and joints kept loose and limber through constant exercise—can hope to duplicate this kind of swing. Most amateurs cannot take the club back nearly as far as the horizontal. Many of them would play better golf if they never tried to take it past the perpendicular.

You must keep the swing well within your physical capabilities. The moment you feel that you are stretching yourself on the backswing, the moment you feel that you are fighting the weight of the club instead of remaining easily in control of it, you have swung too far. And when you go too far, one of two things happens. Either you bend your left elbow or you loosen your grip. Either way, you are lost.

Bending the left elbow is the common error of beginners, and also, I have noticed, of older golfers who are still trying to take the same kind of backswing that they took when their muscles and joints were more flexible. At least one out of every four amateurs, it has been my observation, bends the left elbow consistently, or at least on every shot where he is trying for extra distance.

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Bending the left elbow is one of the few errors that must be consciously avoided.

Loosening the grip is a fault so common that it, too, affects the pros at times. The arms go up, around and back as far as they can. Still the player is not satisfied. He feels he should wind up a little more. He strives to get the club down past that horizontal line. If he keeps his left arm straight, as all good golfers do, there is only one way he can get the club to move any farther. He has to let loose with his hands and let the club wobble of its own weight. Some golfers let loose with the thick part of the right hand beneath the thumb. Others make an even more deadly mistake: they let go with the last three fingers of the left hand.

Almost all the British pros I have seen in tournament play tend to loosen their grip at the top of the backswing. The reason, I suspect, is that they get to play less often than do our American pros. Their golfing season does not last nearly as long as ours. Lacking the lubrication of joint and tendon that can only come from constant practice, they are physically unable to take the club back as far as American pros. Yet they know that it takes power to win any modern golf tournament. Striving for it, they let go of the club.

It does not take much loosening of the fingers to ruin a golf shot. Once you have relaxed your grip at the top of the backswing you have to tighten it again, and it would take a miracle to put your fingers back in exactly the same spot where they were before. They may not seem to have moved; the difference may be only a thousandth of an inch, but that is enough to do the damage. The shaft of the club has turned in your hands, be it ever so slightly. You have nothing but trouble, all because you were looking for a little extra distance and overextended your backswing. Actually, this whole matter of length is a lot less important than everybody seems to think. Among the pros, to be sure, it does make a difference. But the pros have to struggle constantly to get every last ounce of power into their shots. They are engaged in a game of inches. They are not just shooting to come up with a respectable 75 or even just to equal par; instead they are fighting to win tournaments by

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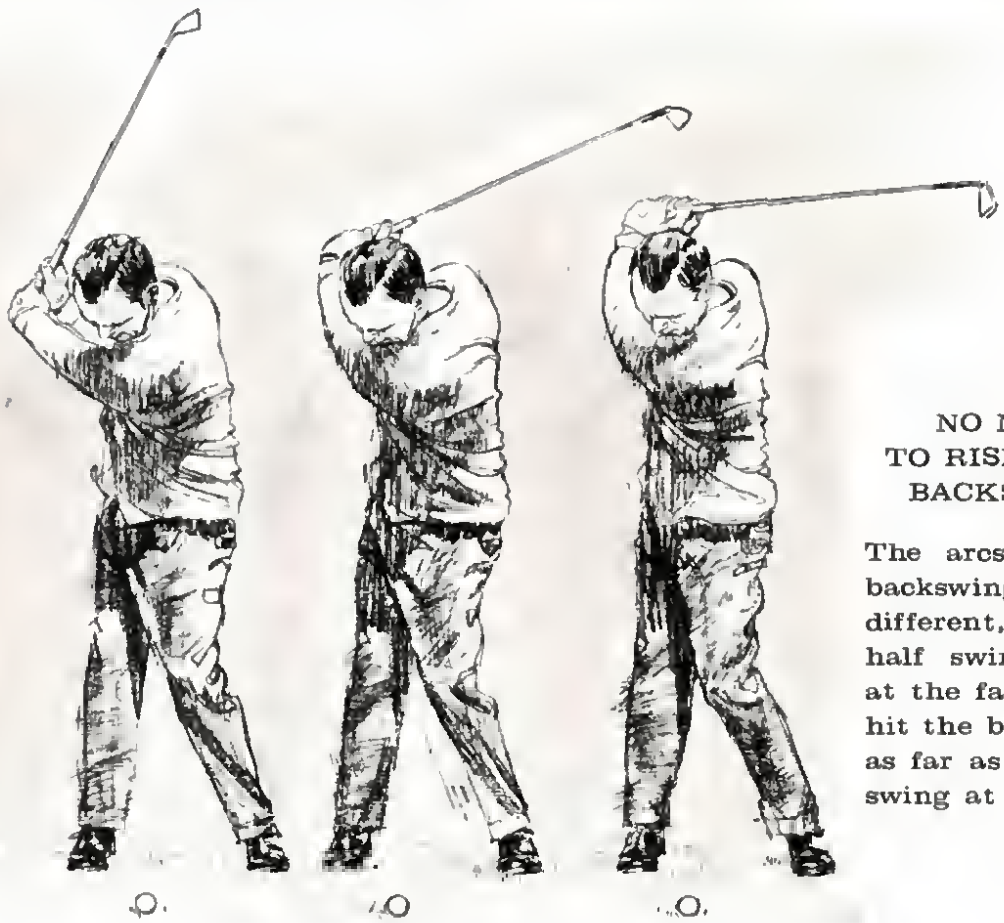
If not held tightly in place, the right hand also will open up, destroying the swing's smoothness.

being a mere quarter of a stroke better each 18 holes than the nearest opponent. To amateurs, five yards more or less on a drive means very little. To the average player it means nothing at all. The man who shoots around 100 is not suffering from lack of power, he is simply dubbing too many shots.

With the irons, distance means even less than with the woods, for the irons are not distance clubs at all. They are accuracy clubs. You are not trying to see how far you can powder the ball, you are trying to see how close you can lay it to the pin. To show you something very important about the irons, I arranged the experiment shown in the drawings below. Please take a long look at them, for they contain a moral that every golfer should remember. In all of them I am using a five-iron. In the drawing on the right I am taking what for me is a slightly fuller than usual backswing with this club. The shaft, as you can see, is nearly horizontal. In the middle drawing I am at the top of a three-quarter swing. In the drawing at the left I am taking a half swing. The club has gone back merely to the perpendicular.

From each of these backswings—the quite full, the three-quarter and the half swing—I then took my normal cut at the ball. I do not mean to say that I hit the ball as hard as I could, because I never do this with an iron; I always stay a little within myself for greater accuracy. But I did hit the ball as hard as I normally would hit it. And here is the significant thing:

continued



NO NEED TO RISK A BIG BACKSWING

The arcs of these backswings are very different, but the half swing shown at the far left will hit the ball almost as far as the over-swing at the right.

With my full swing, half a dozen shots made during the experiment averaged 165 yards.

With the three-quarter swing, my average was 160 yards.

With the half swing, my average was 150 yards.

What the experiment proves is that the length of the backswing produces very little difference in distance. Enlarging the arc of my swing all the way from the perpendicular to the nearly horizontal—a really tremendous difference in the length of the backswing—merely added 15 yards to my shot. I could have accomplished the same thing by going to a four-iron instead of a five-iron.

The moral, of course, is that you do not have to press for that extra couple of inches of backswing to get enough distance to be a good golfer.

Therefore keep that swing compact. Do not let the club get away from you. The minute you feel you are stretching or straining on the backswing, quit trying so hard.

This advice, I know, sounds contrary to everything that has been written and said about power golf in recent years, and even seems contrary to the way all the pros, including myself, play the game.

These contradictions, however, are apparent, not real. All the pros, with a very few exceptions, use the compact swing. The kind of swing they take is well under control and well within physical limits—for them. (The few exceptions have such tremendous power and agility in their wrists that they can make up just before the moment of impact for any excesses of backswing.) My own swing, though it involves the big turn I spoke of and carries the club way back to below the horizontal at times, is a compact swing—for me. I never feel a sense of strain at the top of my backswing. I never let my left elbow bend, or loosen my grip on the club.

If you want to keep trying to lengthen your backswing, while still keeping your swing compact, good for you. I believe in playing the game to the hilt. And as you play more frequently, as you become more relaxed and more confident, you probably will find your muscles and joints moving more smoothly and flexibly. You will then be able to lengthen the arc of your swing while still keeping firm control.

On the other hand, if you are just an occasional golfer, playing a couple of times a month, you probably will find that you can score better using a half or three-quarter swing. Try it the next time you go out. Remind yourself before every shot to take something less than a full swing. On your iron shots, use a lower-numbered club if necessary. If you've been in the 90s or over, I'll make you a little bet that you shoot five strokes better than your average. An accurate player who does not get off the fairway and can hit the greens can easily shoot 85, even if he never knocks the ball more than 150 yards. If you don't believe it, let me suggest another experiment. Sometime when you are feeling nice and relaxed on a good warm day, go out on the course with nothing longer than a six-iron in your bag. Now you can't possibly hit the ball more than 150 yards. You may think you are playing under a horrible handicap, but just see how few strokes it adds to your score. You may even find yourself with your best round of the season.

What about the "upright" swing versus the "flat" swing? This is something I wish we didn't have to discuss at all. The upright swing, as you doubtless know, is one with an arc that tends to be almost perpendicular to the ground, with the club going almost straight up on the backswing, then almost straight down again. The flat swing is much more tilted, not as flat as the swing of a baseball bat, but definitely tending in that direction.

Most of the books say that you should keep striving for an upright swing, that the flat swing is bad. Well, I just don't believe it. Jack Nicklaus has become a champion with one of the most upright swings ever seen in professional golf, and Doug Ford has had great results over the years with a swing that is almost as flat as Mickey Mantle's. My own swing is definitely on the flat side. But I never planned it that way, and, I'm sure, neither did Nicklaus or Ford plan their swings. We are each swinging our natural way.

I will say this. If you go too far to the extreme in either direction, if your swing is too upright or too flat, you may have trouble, especially as you get older. You see very few good senior golfers with either an extremely upright or an extremely flat swing. But, in general, I don't think you should worry about it. Almost always a tendency to either the flat or upright swing is merely the natural result of physical build. Do what comes easily, and let the other fellows argue the theory. As long as they keep worrying about it, you will beat them.

The same goes for all the talk about where you should break your wrists on the backswing. Some people say you should never let them break until your hands have moved around past your right knee, others that you should wait until your hands are as high as your hips. All I can say is that if you start the clubhead back without any wrist action and get past that crucial first 12 inches, you don't have to worry. If you asked me at what point in the backswing my own wrists begin to break, I would have to tell you that I don't know. What is more, I don't want to know. I cannot think of any single piece of knowledge that would help me less, or be more likely to confuse me. Forget about the wrist break.

So you see the golf swing is a lot easier than has been advertised. You have just the two rules: Start the club back in one piece without any wrist action for the first 12 inches. And as you continue back, keep in control of the club, keep your swing compact. Do not try to strain back so far that you bend that elbow or loosen your grip. Be natural, be relaxed. Everything else will take care of itself.

NEXT WEEK

How to use the two clubs that mean the most to your scoring—the putter and driver.

Baldness can be fatal.

In tires. Bald tires are more liable to skid. Or worse, to blow out. (There's no rubber tread to cushion against hard knocks.)

In fact, worn tires cause so many turnpike accidents that some states are considering legislation to outlaw them.

It's easy to tell when a tire has had it. Just keep an eye on the tread. When it's down to about ⅛ of an inch deep, the tire should be replaced. It's losing its grip.

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Make no mistake. Nylon cord tires can take it. They can take the rocks, the chuck holes, the bumps. Take the terrific heat of turnpike speeds. With strength to spare.

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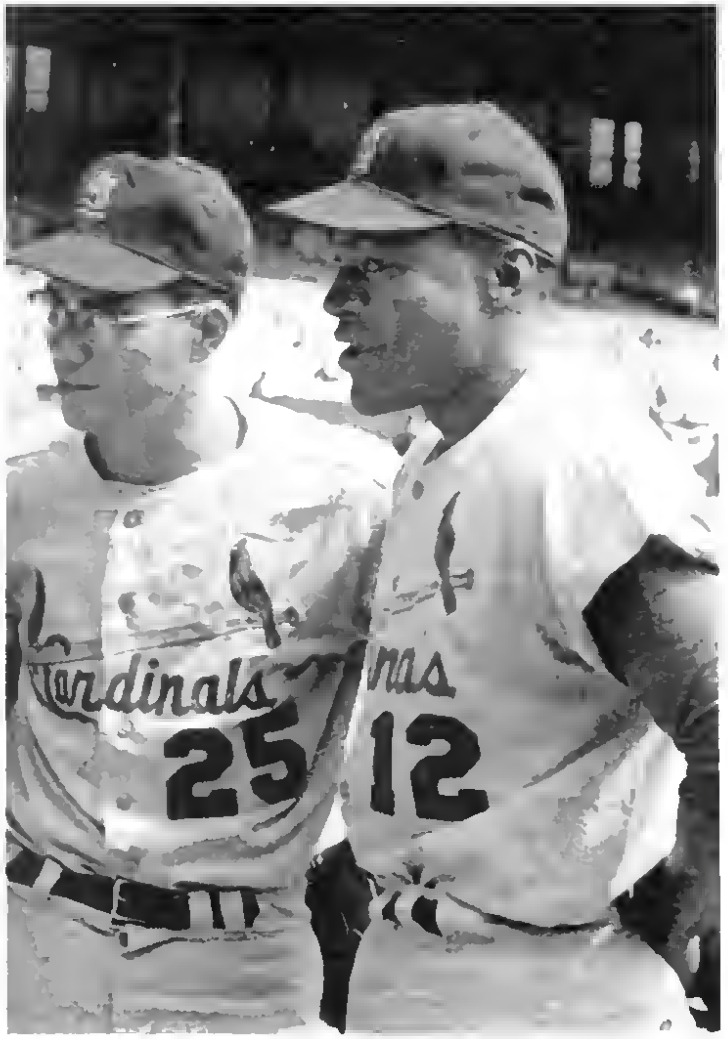
DICK GROAT AND HIS HITTING MACHINE

In the latest chapter of the adventures of Dick Groat, All-America basketball star, National League batting champion and Most Valuable Player, we find Dick, at 32, as the key member of the St. Louis Cardinal infield. Now, just as Dick Groat is no ordinary hero, the Cardinal infield is no ordinary infield. Branch Rickey, that grand old man, recently called it "the greatest hitting infield I have ever seen." Mr. Rickey is very wise and he has seen a lot of infields, but he did not tell National League pitchers anything they had not already discovered for themselves. Three of the Cardinal infielders were voted to the League's lineup in the recent All-Star Game and the fourth member of the cast, Julian Javier, also got into the act when Pittsburgh's Bill Mazeroski was hurt. Ballots are not made public, but chances are that opposing pitchers, overjoyed at a chance to have the Card quartet at their backs instead of at their throats, represented a rather solid block of votes.

No wonder. Bill White, the first baseman, is hitting around .320. He is leading the league in hits and *would* be leading the league in runs batted in if Henry Aaron would go away. Groat, the shortstop, is also hitting about .320, just a couple of base hits behind White. Third Baseman Ken Boyer was bracketed with White and Groat until a recent slump dropped him to a flat .300. Javier, the second baseman, is hitting the least of the four, but his average is a healthy .270. As a group they had amassed 400 hits by mid-season, 100 more than any other National League infield. This combined assault has kept the Cardinals in the pennant race, along with the Giants, Reds and Cubs, just a few strides behind the league-leading Dodgers.

The better to dishearten an enemy pitcher, Manager Johnny Keane often sticks his four infielders at the top of the batting order. Javier, a right-handed batter, leads off. He is very fast and a dangerous runner when he gets on base. Groat and White alternate batting second and third. Groat, still the same deadly opposite-field hitter he was when he won the National League batting title in 1960, uses a log for a bat and merely slaps the ball wherever it is pitched. While Keane admires Groat's uncanny ability at performing the hit-and-run, he feels that Groat too often gives himself up to protect the runner. "He's too good a hitter to be sacrificing himself," says Keane.

White is big and fast. He can hit home runs—20 last year—and he can steal bases, as he did in the All-Star Game. He is the only one of the four who bats left-handed, and Busch Stadium, with its



by ***WALTER BINGHAM***

In which our hero goes to St. Louis, becomes a key member of one of the best hitting infields ever assembled (from left to right: Ken Boyer, Groat, Julian Javier and Bill White) and leads his team in the National League pennant fight

short right-field area, is an ideal park for him. Boyer, like White, has power and speed. An amazingly consistent hitter, in the last five seasons he has never driven in fewer than 90 runs or more than 98. The Cardinals claim Boyer is the league's most underrated player because he has had to play in the shadow of Stan Musial, but Boyer's shadow is big enough.

Boyer, White and Javier have been three-quarters of the Cardinal infield for three seasons, but until Groat joined the team this year the infield was never a unit. "They were a bunch of individuals until he came along," said a member of the San Francisco Giants recently. "Defensively they were loose. Now they're the best."

St. Louis had been looking for a shortstop for more than 10 years, ever since Marty Marion and his vast talents departed in 1950. Sometimes as many as eight different players were thrown into the breach in one season. Some were well-known—Alvin Dark, Red Schoendienst and Solly Hemus—but they were too old by then and better suited to other positions, like second base or the coaching box. Some were unknown—Gerry Buchek, Lee Tate and Bob Stephenson—and these continued to remain unknown. The last to try was Julio Gotay, who for several spring-training seasons was heralded as another Marion. "He was impossible," says a front office man now. "Whenever they wanted him to pinch-hit he was back in the locker room someplace. He was the butt of all the team jokes. You can't win a pennant with a shortstop like that."

Last winter Bing Devine, the Cardinal general manager, decided to put an end to the search. In a complicated series of trades involving Chicago and Pittsburgh, Devine landed Groat, hero of the 1960 pennant race, from the Pirates.

An unlikely-looking athlete, Dick Groat is bony, pale and solemn-faced. He speaks in the kind of low tones generally reserved for funerals, punctuating his sentences with polite "yes, sirs." Groat is bald except for some dark hair around the edges, a condition to which he has long since adjusted. "With two bald brothers and a bald father," he says, "I knew I was fighting a losing battle." And yet there are indications that he has not completely given up the fight. Recently someone approached Groat before a game. "Try that stuff I gave Shantz?" he asked. Groat nodded. "No good," he said.

Groat was the youngest of five children, having been born 11 years after the fourth. He grew up in Swissvale, Pa.,

continued

and was a basketball and baseball star at Duke before signing with the Pirates in 1952. For nine seasons—he missed two years while in service—he was the shortstop of the Pirates, surviving the awful teams of the early '50s to lead Pittsburgh to its first pennant in 33 years.

When he is not playing baseball, Groat does a weekly radio show, makes an occasional banquet appearance and, in winter, returns home and works in the sales office of a Pittsburgh steel company. He also plays golf, a lot of it, and once in a while shoots a few baskets in the gym, just to keep the touch. It is a busy life. Recently he returned from a long road trip at 5 a.m. His three young daughters greeted him at breakfast, delighted to have their daddy home again, only to learn that he was leaving immediately for the All-Star Game in Cleveland. "I played with my girls all day not long ago," Groat said, "and I'm embarrassed to admit it's the first time I can remember doing it."

Another thing that cuts into the children's time is Groat's dedication to golf. He is a good golfer, a low-70s shooter. The winter after the Pirates won the World Series, Groat played with his friend Arnold Palmer in the Pebble Beach tournament. "That first hole was awful," he recalls. "There was a big crowd following Arnie, of course, and I was never more nervous in my life. When I went to make my first putt, I froze. I couldn't swing. Finally I said to myself, 'You can't just stand here forever,' so I swung and by a miracle the ball rolled close enough for a tap-in."

When Groat was notified officially of the trade—he had been expecting it—he was worried. "I didn't know what I was getting into," he said. "I'm aware of my shortcomings. I'm not fast, I have limited range and my arm isn't strong. When a team is going well the bad things you do tend to be overlooked. But when a team starts to lose, the bad things look worse."

The Cardinal front office did its best to set Groat's mind at ease. Soon after the trade, Bing Devine invited Groat to dinner in St. Louis. "We talked about the team and then about the rest of the league," Groat says. "All of a sudden, in the middle of the meal, he brought up the subject of my salary. The whole discussion lasted less than 60 seconds, and it was the most pleasant one I can recall."

Manager Johnny Keane was just as anxious to make Groat feel at home. "We had a little talk in Houston," Keane recalls. "I had read a report saying that we had hired Dick as a tutor for Julian Javier. I told Dick I didn't expect him to tutor anybody. I told him we had got him to play shortstop and that was all he had to think about."

Despite the assurance that he was not hired as a tutor, Groat has been a great help to a number of Cardinal players, for that is his nature. "Dick will take Charley James or Tim McCarver aside," says Ken Boyer. "He'll ask them if they know why they're having trouble with a certain pitcher. If they don't know, Dick will suggest something that he's noticed. Groat's different from Musial that way. Stan will help you, but only if you go to him."

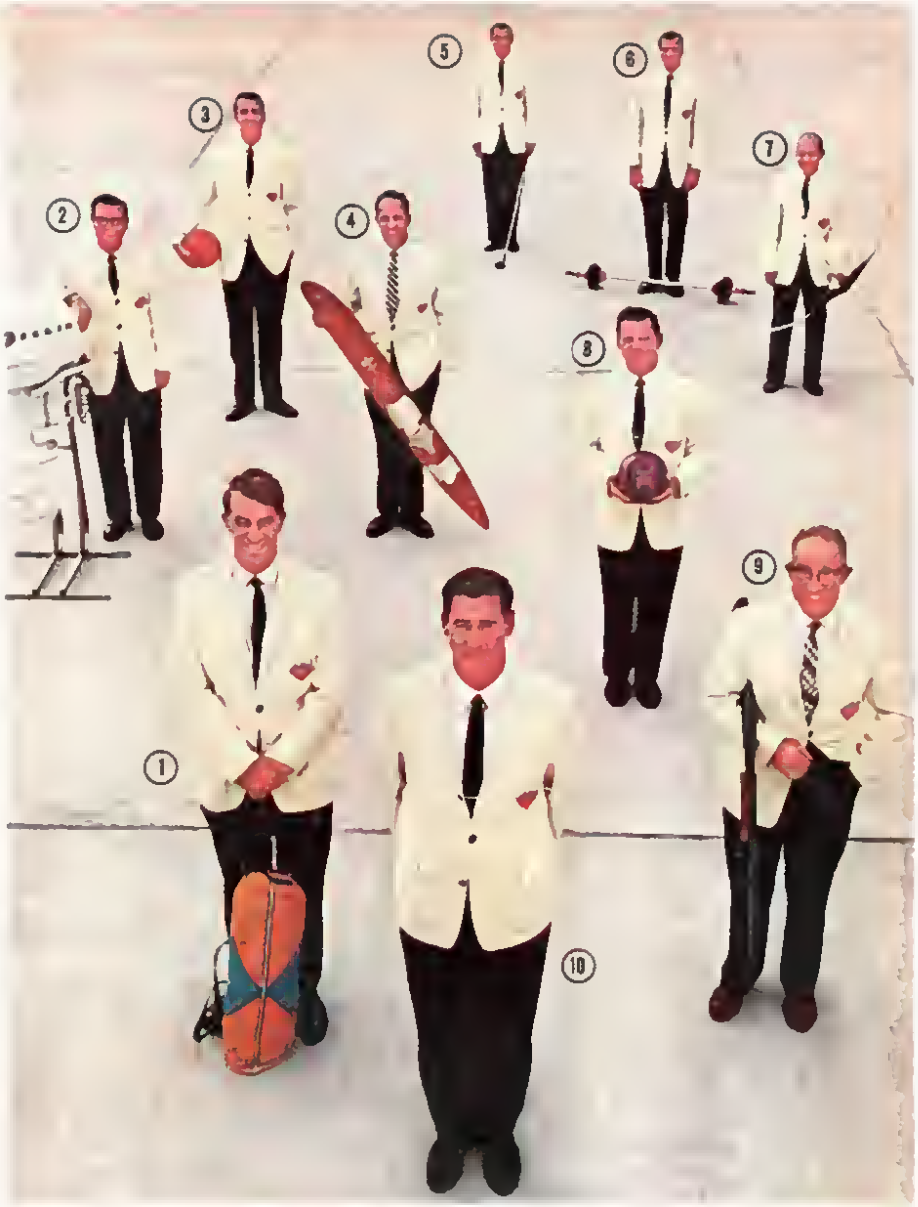
Curt Flood, the little center fielder, says he has learned a lot about positioning from Groat. "I'll play a hitter a certain way, and then I'll notice that Dick is a bit further to the right than I would have thought. His knowledge of the hitters is so good, I figure he must be right, so I move a bit to the right, too." When Flood was batting lead-off, just in front of Groat, he found it easier to steal bases than ever before. "I stole quite a few standing up," he says. "Dick is so good at hitting at a hole that the infielders hesitate longer than usual before covering the bag. I often got to second base before they did."

Most of all, Groat has helped Javier, the loose, lanky, sometimes moody second baseman from the Dominican Republic. Javier came to the Cardinals in 1960 in the trade that sent Vinegar Bend Mizell to Pittsburgh. He is 27, wears glasses for near-sightedness and has a scar where his cheekbone was once fractured by a pitch. His name is pronounced "Hoolian Havier," and his teammates kid him by asking if he likes to hit against "Hoey Hay" of Cincinnati. His teammates also say that Javier is an even better fielder than last year, more confident and less given to sudden letdowns. It is almost impossible to let down with Dick Groat playing near by.

Even the seasoned Boyer, the only one of the Cardinal infielders to come up through the farm system, has been helped by Groat. "It adds to your confidence to have a player of Dick's stature standing next to you," he says. Boyer, at 32, is still a marvelous third baseman, though a bit less agile than he was five years ago. He is one of seven baseball-playing brothers—Clete plays third base for the Yankees—and one of 12 children in all. The family was reared in Alba, a small town in southwest Missouri. "There was a filling station, a grocery store and a café," he says. "We lived about three miles outside of town. When the sun came up, we'd go out in the pasture and play ball, and we wouldn't come in until it got dark."

Bill White, the first baseman, joined the team in 1959, traded from the San Francisco Giants for Sam Jones. White is a magnificently proportioned man, built for football as much as baseball. Several colleges offered him football scholarships, but White turned them down, accepting instead an academic scholarship to Hiram College in Ohio. He wanted to study medicine, but after his freshman year, in which he made the dean's list, he signed with the Giants for a small bonus. It was a decision he still speaks of with a tinge of regret. "I had the scholarship and a part-time job," he says, "but I was still short of money. I got tired of asking my mother for $10. She really couldn't afford it. So I turned to baseball. My friends, the ones I entered school with, are almost through with their medical studies now. They have finished what they set out to do. Whatever I'm going to accomplish will have to be in baseball." As the best first baseman in his League, he has, at 29, already accomplished quite a bit.

Fortunately for the rest of the league, the Cardinal supporting cast does not match the infield. The pitching staff has been shaky. To get Groat, Bing Devine had to give up Larry Jackson, and Jackson is having a splendid season with the Cubs. The others—Bob Gibson, Curt Simmons, Ernie Broglio, Ray Sadecki and another recent trade, Lou Burdette—have been in and out, good and bad. In the tough National League, you must be more consistent than that. Stan Musial, who will become a grandfather in August, is still around, but while his bat can sting, it is not the menace it once was. Even so, the Cardinals, thanks to their heavy-hitting infield, have at least a chance to win their first pennant since 1946. To find out if they do it, read the next chapter in the adventures of Dick Groat. END



How many of these sports leaders can you name? **1.** Sir Edmund Hillary, *conqueror of Mt. Everest.* **2.** Bill Holland, *holder of time hydroplane and runabout speed records.* **3.** Jack Twyman, *Captain of Cincinnati Royals.* **4.** Adolph Kiefer, *Olympic swimming champ.* **5.** Doug Ford, *one of golf's top P.G.A. money winners.* **6.** Bob Mathias, *Olympic decathlon champ.* **7.** Buddy Watson, *designer for many tournament archers.* **8.** Ed Lubanski, *highest ten-year bowling average of A.B.C.* **9.** Murray Crowder, *past president Outdoor Writer's Assoc. of America.* **10.** *And, of course,* Ted Williams, *one of baseball's greatest hitters. Not present for photo:* Terry Brennan, *former Notre Dame player and coach.* Othmar Schneider, *Olympic skiing champion. You'll find Ted Williams approved sports equipment at Sears stores and in the Sears Catalog. Remember, you can always charge them on Sears Revolving Charge.*

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BASEBALL / *Robert Creamer*

Tell you what you ought to do, Commissioner Frick

The All-Star Game was a dismal show, as usual, because baseball does not know how to promote its big spectacle. Here are some suggestions

The city of Cleveland has never recovered from the World Series of 1954 when the Indians were humiliated four straight by the New York Giants. The enormity of that upset has been forgotten elsewhere, but not in Cleveland. It was in 1954 that Douglass Wallop wrote *The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant*, and in Cleveland life imitated art. Casey Stengel's Yankees had won five straight pennants and five straight World Series, and they won more games in 1954 than any other Stengel team before or since. But the Indians beat them. Cleveland won a record 111 games, and that added gloat to glee because the old American League record belonged to the 1927 Yankees, the most holy-cow of all Yankee teams.

It was a season of triumph for the oppressed—and then the Giants ruined it. The fifth Series game, scheduled for a Sunday in Cleveland, was not needed, of course, and was cancelled, and tens of thousands of stunned Clevelanders stumbled home, treasured tickets for that game turning to ashes in their hands. Hotels were stuck with empty rooms, restaurants with uneaten steak, vendors with unsalable plastic dolls in Indian uniforms. Cleveland hasn't been the same since.

Big crowds still occasionally pile into Cleveland Stadium, but not very often. From one of the best franchises in baseball, the city has degenerated into one of the worst. Cleveland is like a child who has been excruciatingly embarrassed in public: its pride has been hurt, indelibly, and now Cleveland will not permit itself to be impressed by baseball.

Perhaps that is the reason why this year's All-Star Game, played in Cleveland last week, was such a bad show. The two previous All-Star games in Cleveland attracted the two largest crowds in All-Star history, but this one drew only 44,160, which means there were almost 40,000 empty seats in the huge lakeside stadium. People watching on television thought the game was exciting enough, but those sitting in Cleveland Stadium were stifled by apathy. Late in the game, the plethora of Yankee players in the American League lineup aroused angry boos, but otherwise the crowd sat on its hands and showed lively interest only when someone fouled a ball back into the seats.

Of course, the apathy could be blamed to a considerable extent on the miserable way the game was staged. Imagine having an All-Star Game in which Sandy Koufax, Warren Spahn, Juan Marichal and Maury Wills did not play, and whose squads did not even include Whitey Ford, Roger Maris, Vada Pinson and Frank Robinson. The All-Star Game is properly a showcase where baseball's heroes should be on display, where the excitement of baseball should be roaringly evident. Instead, the game is presented each year with less verve and imagination than a married men vs. single men softball game at a company picnic.

The men who run baseball sometimes seem concerned about the drabness of their midsummer clambake, but they do not seem to know what to do about it. Gabriel Paul, president of the Indians,

continued

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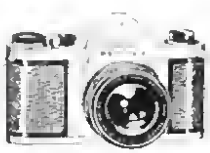

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said the other day that he thought there would be more interest in the game if voting for the players was given back to the fans. What nonsense. The concept of fan voting was phony from the start, and Gabe Paul knows it. Newspapers used the voting as a circulation gimmick or ignored it completely. Ballot boxes were stuffed, and the votes were never really counted anyway, at least not with anything more than an educated guess.

The present system of having the players themselves pick the All-Star teams—and not letting them vote for anyone on their own teams—is a marvelous idea, an election of the best by a jury of their near-peers. But though the idea is good, the way it is handled is horrible. The 20 teams vote in an aura of secrecy befitting the election of a Pope. The ballots are counted—honestly and accurately, it must be admitted—in utter silence. The final tabulation is released quietly to the press. Period. No buildup, no progress of the voting, no early leads, no late returns from Houston or Los Angeles.

Can't pick a pitcher

The way it works now, players are allowed to vote for only eight of the 25 men on the squad and, for some reason no one has ever been able to explain or justify, they are not allowed to vote for a pitcher. Why not? Can't they tell which pitcher impressed them the most? On the other hand, one man, the manager, picks the other 17 players, including all the pitchers. Why? No one gives a hoot for the manager's preferences. Why give him such an inordinate say in the selection of the team?

The method should be changed. The players should vote for a complete starting lineup, all nine men, including the pitcher. The men who finish second in the voting at each position should be included automatically on the squad. (They are not, at present, but no one is really sure why they are not. It has become another of baseball's instant traditions.) Let the manager pick the remaining seven players. If he has to go beyond 25 players to insure representation by all 10 teams in his league, let him. But let the players pick the bulk of the squad.

At this point, after the ballots are assembled and counted, a shrewd promotion man could have a ball with the whole All-Star idea. Since the voting is completed two full weeks before the game, he would have plenty of time to build up interest. Results of the voting could be released day by day, a team a league a day. That's called managing the news, but who cares? It would give the sports pages an All-Star story every day, plus all the accompanying cheers, protests and comment. Each day for 10 days, one team in each league would have its personal all-opponent team printed in the daily press; right next to it would be the current standing of the All-Star vote, and right over there would be a column asking how any club could possibly be stupid enough to leave a shortstop like Ferd Strunk off its all-opponent team. Imagine the building excitement that could have been generated this year by Willie Mays winning out over Vada Pinson (who was outhitting Willie by 40 points) in center field in the National League and by Frank Malzone becoming the players' choice in the argument over who was the best of all the fine third basemen in the American League?

On the day of the game, an imaginative management would stage a pregame show instead of letting the players go through the usual haphazard batting and fielding practice. It could do away with the batting-practice cage for this one big day, and let the people see the All-Stars bat. Each man could be introduced with appropriate hoopla as he came up to take his swings. Infield and outfield drills could be jazzed up by naming the players at each position and by sticking a button microphone on the uniform of the coach hitting grounders and fungoes so that his "Let's get two, Zoilo!" and "This one's for you, Willie!" could be heard by the crowd. The players would be on parade and would be given a chance to show off their special skills. If all this were done, pregame practice would turn into a pregame spectacular that the crowd would come early to see, a pregame show that television watchers would prefer a hundred times over banal interviews.

Maybe the commissioner ought to appoint someone right now to start working on next year's game. At any rate, the men who run baseball should understand and remember that the ultimate aim of the All-Star Game is not the publicizing of a handful of individuals but the exaltation of the sport itself.

And they should keep the game out of Cleveland. **END**

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fans in the U.S. have come to look upon as a vital ingredient of tournament golf: showmanship. When things are going well for Phil Rodgers, he is a waltzing, wisecracking Jackie Gleason of golf. When they are not, he mopes and lets the world mope with him. When he sinks a putt he will shout, clap his hands or march around like a drum major. When he misses he is a Hamlet beset.

"A lot of the time," says Rodgers, "I even take myself by surprise. On the 10th hole of the last round I made a good chip, and before I knew I was doing it I found myself screaming, 'Get in the hole, get in the hole.' "

His stunting seemed to strike the British galleries, trained as they are in the stiff-upper-lip approach to sport, as refreshing. But when they laughed, as often as not it came out as a nervous giggle of embarrassment rather than as a hearty guffaw of pleasure.

They knew how to react to Charles. Somber as an Alp and hardly more talkative, he showed his followers the kind of implacable golf and unchangeable *men that the British had not seen since* Ben Hogan won their Open by four strokes in 1953. They had called Hogan the "Wee Ice Mon" and loved him as one of their own. Now here came Charles, who really was one of their own, assuming one is willing to take the British view that New Zealand is as much a part of the homeland as Piccadilly.

Nor was it any freak happenstance that the 27-year-old Charles should hit his way past a field of famed Americans and then slice Rodgers to shreds in a playoff. By far the finest left-handed golfer ever, he had won the Houston Classic in April, had earned $20,000 on the U.S. pro tour this year (SI, May 23) and had the kind of straight, unforced game that was well suited to Royal Lytham and its narrow fairways.

The playoff became a necessity when both Rodgers and Charles finished with 3-under-par 277s on Friday, thanks to pars on the last hole. Rodgers crouched over a 15-foot birdie putt on the final hole of the 36 played that day, needing only to sink it to win the championship. He then hit such a weak, nervous putt that it stopped two feet short. With that he laughed—somewhat shakily, of course. After barely curling in the second putt, he dropped his tweed cap over the hole and rubber-legged his way, vaudeville style, off the green. Charles, who had been partnered with Rodgers, was somewhat shocked at all this. He gazed stonily at his competitor's antics, then stepped forward and rammed in his own four-foot putt to preserve the tie.

In the 36-hole playoff the next day, while his demonstrative opponent was either clapping happily or kicking his putter in anguish, depending on the situation, Charles was calmly one-putting 12 of the first 20 greens to build a seemingly insurmountable margin of five shots. But his lead shrank to one stroke when he hooked a drive out of bounds and Rodgers sank some putts of his own. Then on the 8th hole of the afternoon round, Charles broke Rodgers' last challenge. First, Rodgers rolled in a downhill 50-foot birdie putt and cakewalked ecstatically around the green. Amazingly, Charles stroked in a 30-foot birdie putt of his own. With no more than a flicker of a smile on his face he turned and walked off to the next tee, leaving his caddie to retrieve the ball and Rodgers to try to retrieve his shaken spirit. The caddie got the ball, but Rodgers never got back his composure. While Phil fumed, Charles continued to play impassive, almost flawless golf. He won the gallery over with his efficient dignity, and he won the playoff 140 to 148.

By winning, Charles not only bested an unusually strong field—Arnold Palmer was trying for his third British Open in a row, Peter Thomson his fifth championship, Gary Player and Kel Nagle their second, Jack Nicklaus and Doug Sanders their first—but an extremely tight and trying course. The rough was worse than at the U.S. Open in Brookline, the fairways were heavily sprinkled with deep, tiny bunkers, and the greens were small and hard, requiring that approach shots land short and bounce toward the hole.

Beyond all this, the course presented a truly unique difficulty: the British railway system. All day long small, black steam engines puffed by, going to and from the sprawling resort town of Blackpool, some six miles north along the Irish Sea. "The railroad trains are simply one of the hazards a player must learn to overcome at Royal Lytham," declared Charles Lawrie, Great Britain's Walker Cup captain this year, with a mischievous smile directed toward American visitors hardly accustomed to mixing *locomotives with their golf.*

Lawrie's statement could only bring an emphatic nod of agreement from near-winner Jack Nicklaus. During the second round, while working hard for a par out of the rough on the left of the 8th hole, he started to hit an approach shot. Just then a steam engine the size of a trolley, but pulling a dozen coal cars and a battered caboose, huffed and clanked its

continued

Jack Nicklaus waits tensely for train to go by. A moment later, as Nicklaus got set to hit, the engineer, not giving a hoot, blew his whistle.

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way out of the Ansdell-Fairhaven station behind the 8th green. As Nicklaus was about to settle back into his stance again, the engineer reached up and produced two deafening toots on the engine's steam whistle. It was his statement of independence of a game that seemed to exhaust so much energy with such little result.

Later in the tournament this unusual hazard intervened once more. Leading by two shots with only two holes to go in the last round, Nicklaus was in deep grass on a mound behind the 17th green preparing to pitch back, hopefully for a par. Near him in the 16th fairway Charles and Rodgers, now tied for second, waited and watched. As Jack stood over the ball, glowering at the hole, a commuter train whistled shrilly. Jack waited until the train had passed, then fluffed his pitch and took a bogey 5.

The silent treatment

While the trains presented one problem, the almost deathly quiet of Royal Lytham's galleries produced another. During last year's British Open at Troon in Scotland, the crowd had broken loose and run wildly over the course, surging around Palmer and shouting loudly. This year the spectators, who totaled 20,000 for the entire tournament, trooped around the course like mourners at a funeral. Fine approach shots were greeted with only light hand clapping, sizable birdie putts with slightly heavier applause, and short birdie putts, very often, with almost no noise at all.

"Those Scots tend to get a little too excited," explained a Royal Lytham marshal lounging by the side of the 14th fairway. "Down here we don't go in for a lot of yelling. When a player hears some firm clapping he knows he has hit a good, crisp shot."

This English restraint, combined with the almost total lack of scoreboards around the course, made it difficult for the players, especially during the critical closing moments of the tournament, to figure out who was doing what, where. Charles and Rodgers, playing together, could, of course, keep track of each other, but Nicklaus, two groups ahead, might as well have been playing in France.

After he had bogeyed the 71st (or 17th) hole to lose one stroke of his lead, Nicklaus waited on the 72nd tee to try to determine what his closest pursuers

had done on the 70th. "I wanted to know what I needed," he said later. "When I knew they must have played out the 16th and I still had not heard a sound from down there I figured they must have passed the hole without a birdie and that a par would win for me." Actually, both Rodgers and Charles had birdied 16. When Nicklaus bogeyed 18 and the other two parred in he was beaten.

Arnold Palmer's failure—he finished 26th—was a real shock to British golf fans, who have made him something of a national hero. As the Open began, the odds on Palmer were 2 to 1, absurdly low for any professional golf event.

"Arnold is such an engaging person," said Pat Ward-Thomas of *The Guardian*, one of Great Britain's most authoritative sportswriters. "He is so expressive and so capable of astounding things on a golf course; a combination of warmth and great talent that we don't see over here too much." It was that kind of feeling that was reflected in the betting.

Palmer certainly felt the support that welled from his large galleries, but he did not respond with his customary flair.

"I could feel them moaning and groaning while I was moaning and groaning, but I just couldn't seem to concentrate," he said. "This happens sometimes and you are not sure why."

Thus in the end the U.S. hopes were left to Rodgers, whose 67-68-73-69 represented the best golf he had played in months. Tied for the lead or ahead throughout the first two days, he seemed ready to win his first big title when Charles came from five strokes back with a brilliant third-round 66 and the coolness to force the playoff.

"I really have to offer my condolences to Phil," said Charles at the presentation ceremony. "I think I just demoralized him with my putter. I hate to think how many putts I sank. It is a shame we can't be joint holders of the trophy." Demoralize is a fair word for what he did to Rodgers. So is slaughter.

"People are going to like Charles over here," said three-time British Open Champion Henry Cotton after it was all over. "He plays golf in the British manner. No clowning, no exuberant gestures, no exorbitant facial expressions. It is quite possible he may even make a hero of himself, like Hogan, just by the efficient way he plays."

To left-handers, at least, he has already made a hero of himself. END

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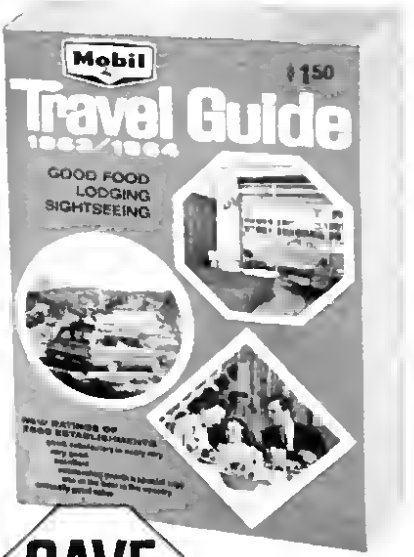

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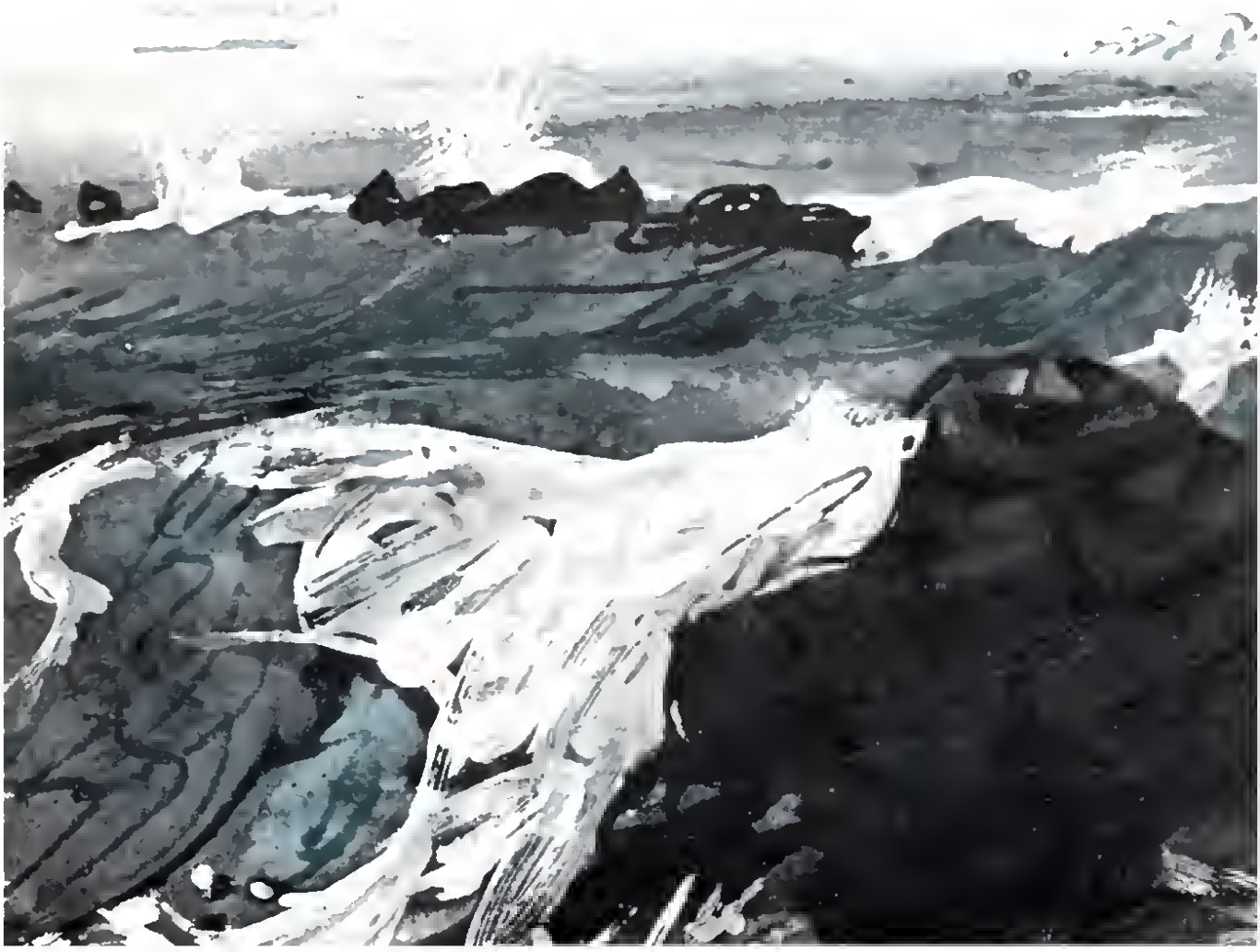
The famed racing yawl 'Finisterre,' three-time Bermuda winner, stows her racing gear and takes a leisurely tour of the waters where American yachting began.

BY CARLETON MITCHELL



As *Finisterre* boiled past New London, a long forgotten song began to run through my mind. "East of the sun and west of the moon," it went, and as I looked over the bow toward the squat stone lighthouse at the corner of Fishers Island, the words changed to "east of The Race and west of the Cape." Until that moment I had no handy way to describe my planless itinerary, embracing one of the most unique and delightful collections of little islands and coves and villages to be found in the world of sailing: the Elizabeth Islands, taking the charted name of the string under the uplifted arm of Cape Cod, or Vineyard Sound, if you chose to ignore the equal claims of rival bodies of water from Montauk to Monomoy *continued*

—Block Island Sound, Nantucket Sound and Buzzards Bay.

As though pleased that the problem was solved, *Finisterre* put her shoulder down to a puff and sped toward The Race. Under us the water began to churn and spin into giant whorls, silent reminder of the power of the sea. Twice each 24 hours, millions upon millions of tons of water surge from the open Atlantic Ocean into Long Island Sound, running westward toward Manhattan, flowing through the arteries into the smallest capillaries, refreshing and revivifying every foot of shoreline. Then with clocklike regularity the cycle reverses, and the buoys begin to lean the other way as the tide rushes back out into the ocean.

We had caught the ebb just right, and *Finisterre* shot through The Race like an arrow from a bow. A crisp northwest breeze leaned against the sails above, while the current gripped the keel below, both hurrying us in the same direction. As the elements were in accord, there were none of the steep, breaking waves that sometimes make the passage unhappy for small-boat voyagers; instead, the water ran with a deceptively glazed smoothness, only patches of roiled white showing the forces at work. Fishing boats circled, now barely stemming the tide, now spurting downstream, until suddenly the water changed color and character, and we were through, east of The Race.

Almost as suddenly there was a perceptible difference in the very air. For The Race is more than a tidal portcullis: it is a geographic and climatic boundary, as clearly defined as though Plum and Gull islands were walls reaching to the sky. Behind, there is a feeling of the hinterlands of Connecticut and New York, crowded, dusty and sometimes insufferably hot: people, noise, neons and clogged highways. Beyond, there is the feeling of the open sea, a chill tang in the shadow of the mainsail even though the sun may lie warm on bare shoulders at the wheel. Somehow this is part of the world of drifting ice, of long winter nights, of fog and rock and raging gales, just as the other side of The Race is the last stand of sand and rolling lowlands stretching all the way back to Florida.

As I lounged in the cockpit, keeping an eye on the luff of the jib, *Finisterre* responded as always to the open sea. There is something in the way she lifts to a long ocean swell that is different from the way she meets a chop, a reserve of power waiting, come what may. Now beyond the shelter of the shore, creaming wavelets slapped under the counter, riding the backs of a sea from an earlier southerly.

On the port hand was Fishers Island, summer haunt of names symbolizing wealth and position, a narrow irregular bastion behind which lay another exit from Long Island Sound, a passage to be preferred to The Race in strong winds and a foul tide. And Fishers Island Sound is something of a cruising microcosm in itself, with two good harbors on the parent island, and the picturesque towns of Stonington and Mystic across, the former a fishing port maintaining its character, the latter through the Marine Museum probably the closest link with the Golden Age of Sail to be found outside English Harbour, on the faraway isle of Antigua.

To starboard, distant but visible, was the eastern tip of Long Island, culminating in Montauk Point. Under it I visualized Gardiners Island and the bay of the same name, flowing toward and around Shelter Island to join the Peconic bays, Great and Little, with such lovely nooks as Sag and Dering harbors—another little cruising world in itself, so remote yet so close to great population centers and not even requiring an open sea passage to attain. It is hard to think of any other area blessed with such variety for the boatman as the environs of New York City.

Yet despite these remembered blandishments *Finisterre* remained on course toward a smudge on the horizon that could only be Block Island. We 20th century voyagers were sailing in the wake of an almost forgotten little sloop named *Onrust* (*Restless*), under the command of Adriaen Block. That doughty Dutchman, too, had seen the smudge in 1614 and sailed toward it to an anchorage called Manisses by the Indians, thus endowing the island on future charts with his own name.

Block Island is shaped like a stingray swimming south, the head a steep bluff topped by the green, blinking eye

of a lighthouse, the tail a long trailing reef, cause of many maritime tragedies. It smells of seaweed tempered by small shrubs clinging to damp earth. Gulls wheel and cry above creeping tendrils of fog and the wash of surf on the outlying rocks. Even the weathered shingle houses seem to huddle against the coming of savage winter gales. It is only when flying over in a small plane that another aspect appears, mute record of attempts to wrest the land from the sea. Patterning the surface are stone fences, monuments to Block Island pioneers who cleared fields in hope of establishing farms.

Modern sailors have an advantage not enjoyed by Adriaen Block. In the old days there was no shelter. Now there are two harbors, man-made, at opposite sides of the island and at opposite poles in character. To the west is Great Salt Pond, created by cutting a channel from a lake to open water. Extending over a mile into the land, bordered principally by rolling meadows, it has an air of spaciousness, of detachment from the hurrying throng. No matter how many boats may crowd in over a summer weekend, there is always a place to escape to anchor in solitude. Not so on the other side. The old harbor, held fast in the embrace of stone breakwaters, is pure Baltic or Mediterranean, boats moored to the quay; it is in turn the focal point of the community, rimmed by restaurants and shops oriented to fish and fishing. Rarely uncrowded, the old harbor can become so jammed when the swordfishing fleet is in that the water may be crossed dry-shod by stepping from one deck to another.

Anyone who doubts that boating has become a participation sport has only to arrive at Block Island in fair weather on a Saturday afternoon during the vacation season. Other sailing auxiliaries and assorted power vessels filed along with us, some with crow's nests for lookouts or outriggers, proclaiming them fishermen, others with TV antennas and an extra beer cooler on the afterdeck. There were small sloops equipped with awnings and sleeping bags, and outboard cruisers carrying entire families. Big boats, little boats, sail and power, we all converged to slip past the sandspit at the Coast Guard station and debouch into the spacious anchorage, fanning out to likely mooring spots as our fancies dictated.

Always, coming into a harbor, be it familiar or strange, I like to sit a few minutes in the cockpit and let the atmosphere seep into my soul, softening the transition from the sea to the land. It is a ritual best observed glass in hand, in this case preparing me for the *Alice in Wonderland* mixture I knew I would find ashore. For while Block Island has a quality of aloof loneliness—houses widely scattered except for the two settlements around the harbors—it also manages an air of complete improbability. Perhaps this stems from the rambling wooden hotels that dominate the urban landscape. In all stages of repair and disrepair, these faintly Victorian relics linger as reminders that people used to settle on a place for a holiday and stay put. Ghostly battalions of guests in rocking chairs look out over cast-iron deer

There are swordfishermen with padded rings atop tall masts to make easier the long hours of scanning the sea for fins.

browsing on lawns running to weed. These are harmless ghosts, but it is sometimes something of a shock to encounter the modern denizens of these establishments in force. "Schoolteachers," a sailing companion once commented mournfully, staring down into his beer. "Shoals of schoolteachers in slacks and bandannas." Not yet discovered, like Martha's Vineyard or Nantucket, by the current generation of resorters, Block Island has a feeling of being more remote than some islands of the Caribbean. Land may be had at bargain prices, as it is only recently that summer cottages have begun to appear.

Change, alas! is almost inevitable, I thought as I later made my annual pilgrimage by automobile to Old Harbor and Block Island Southeast Light, passing the freshwater ponds—95 shown in color on the detail chart, but natives swear there is one for every day of the year if you count them all; passing the tiny old cottages, covered by beach roses and honeysuckle, smelling, too, the pungent fields of bayberry and clover. Block Island has a genuine quality of its own, culminating in the magnificent view from the base of the lighthouse, of restless ocean stretching unbroken across to Land's End.

Change also may come to the restaurant of my friend Deadeye Dick, at the head of the ferry dock in Great Salt Pond. Already it has expanded to keep pace with postwar marina construction, but still it is a friendly informal establishment of plain furnishings and bustling waitresses, where a jukebox does not sound amiss, and where a man

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can still get jumbo lobsters on demand: beautiful scarlet warriors fresh from undersea grottos, worthy antagonists for a cruising appetite.

And after the repast came the comfort of a snug berth in a sheltered harbor. There is something touching about small boats clustered like sleeping birds for the night, each a separate entity, a conveyance of gentle escape from workaday problems. Rowing out in the dinghy, long, shimmering spears from riding lights were mirrored in the dark water, while a thin veil of cirrus cloud high overhead blurred the stars without hiding them. From afar came the faint moan of a whistle, too soft to disturb the fleet, for it seemed everyone slept.

In the golden morning light there were new color values in the harbor: blue hulls, red hulls, white hulls, yellow hulls, topped by flags drooping lazily, while beyond, gently rolling hills formed a pattern of brown and green, accented by dark stands of trees. Slowly life began to blossom on decks, here a straggler sipping coffee in the cockpit, there an energetic skipper wielding a swab, even a few tousled heads bobbing alongside for a morning swim.

But at 10 o'clock, as though by signal, the marine parade began in reverse, boat after boat dropping lines at the marina or hoisting anchor to make for the exit channel, much like twigs being swept along in a summer shower suddenly to disappear. *Finisterre* powered out as part of the procession, as for once the harbor breeze had failed to function. Great Salt Pond is one of those odd places that funnel and concentrate whatever wind might be blowing, so that prudent crews often reef before leaving, only to find a moderating breeze beyond the breakwater.

This time, though, nothing stirred outside, either. The bell buoy was mute as we passed, the automatic pilot set on course for the next buoy, beyond North Reef. Peacefully we putted past the scene of a tragedy famous in maritime lore, the wreck of the ship *Palatine* during a winter gale early in the 18th century. Bound for Philadelphia with Dutch immigrants, she had been driven far off course by successive storms; the crew had mutinied and forced the passengers to pay outrageous prices for food and water—over $50 for a biscuit runs the tale. Some starved to death, others became walking skeletons. Then when land was sighted the crew deserted in the boats. The passengers tried to sail the *Palatine* to shelter but fetched up on North Reef— lured, some say, by misleading lights shown by the natives of Block Island. Hoisting sails is a good antidote to almost anything, and the thoughts of dark deeds were blown away by the first stirrings of a southerly breeze. With a faint murmur from bow and stern wave, *Finisterre* came round the corner at the buoy and again swung east, a whole selection of harbors over the bow, with Cuttyhunk getting the nod when I plotted a course on the chart.

As the sun lifted, the breeze freshened, part of a local phenomenon called the Buzzards Bay sou'wester, a wind so regular in settled summer weather it is claimed you can set your watch by it. During the night the land cools, to warm again as the sun climbs: the heated air rises, and in sweeps cold air from the water. The clearer the upper sky of clouds and the less diluted the sunshine, the stronger becomes the wind, until some days it is very fresh indeed.

Gradually the wind rose and, as it did, a haze gathered, another local phenomenon called the smoky sou'wester. Rarely in these waters is there a golden day after the sea breeze appears. Instead the sun takes on a frosty look. Land and buoys and other boats are seen as through a gauzy curtain. Colors are subdued. The sea turns a cold gray, and the sun path is silver. Visibility is restricted: there is none of the heart-clutching, blind groping of fog, but distant objects are swallowed, to appear unexpectedly with a bigger-than-life quality.

And so it was as *Finisterre* neared the Texas Tower replacing the lightship that for many years had marked the entrance to Buzzards Bay. Progress! A shed atop spindle legs, looking, from our angle of approach, like a fawn standing in shallows, an illusion heightened by the weather instruments at one corner, simulating the raised head and spike antlers. Closer, the tower resolved into an ugly symbol of functional modernity, helicopter landing field included.

Here the open sea voyage ended. Soon *Finisterre* came under the shelter of Cuttyhunk, first of the Elizabeth Islands, and magically the sea smoothed. Running in close to the shore, we followed buoys to the entrance channel, narrow and deep as a stocking. And at the toe, like a child's delighted discovery on Christmas morning, there was a sailor's present of an almost perfect harbor, completely landlocked, restful in its perfection, with a little fishing village sprawling over a hillside at the far end, faintly reminiscent of the Mediterranean yet with touches that could only be New England: clapboard and shingle houses, weather-beaten to a silvery gray, green shutters, rambler roses and a church steeple prim as a Pilgrim maid.

These are waters dear to the fisherman as well as the sailor, and at Cuttyhunk the striped bass reigns supreme. There is even a special breed of boat operating out of the harbor, rugged clinker-built craft that can be tiller-steered from the bow, allowing the skipper to weave between rocks in boiling surf. For one who has spent a lifetime learning to keep clear of such dangers, it is something of a revelation to watch these fishermen at work—to say nothing of the surf casters, whose primary aim seems to be heaving a hit of lead as far as possible. But both methods bring home stripers, as a stroll along the fishing dock will prove. Cuttyhunk, too, is the last refuge of some of the most dilapidated station wagons extant, wondrous specimens proving the survival qualities of Detroit when exterior finish is ignored.

Beyond Cuttyhunk the Elizabeth Islands extend like steppingstones to Cape Cod. A variety of courses is possible. If time is ample, a side cruise may be made along the mainland shore of Buzzards Bay, touching New Bedford, Mattapoisett and Sippican harbors, before turning eastward to enter Vineyard Sound through Woods Hole. The

opposite approach is to go back around Sow and Pigs Reef, off Cuttyhunk, and sail the entire length of Vineyard Sound, perhaps stopping at Menemsha Bight. Or it is possible to effect a combination of the two, starting in Buzzards Bay but swinging east to enter Vineyard Sound by one of the lesser channels.

It was the latter route we chose, in part to have a swim at a delightful beach on the south side of Quicks Hole. The "Holes" joining Buzzards Bay and Vineyard Sound are not like anything similarly named I have seen elsewhere. They are actually tidal channels, more millraces than the placid backwaters the term would imply. Except for a few places far Down East in Maine and Nova Scotia, Ushant off the coast of France, and the Pentland Firth between Scotland and the Orkneys, there are few channels that give a more jet-propelled ride if the tide is fair, or can be more frustrating if it is foul.

It was against us as *Finisterre* rounded the corner of Nashawena Island. Back and forth we tacked, gaining precious little at the end of each hitch across, yet somehow it was the quintessence of sailing: swift blue water, warm sun, cool breeze, the genoa barely in flat on one side before it had to go to the other; squinting at landmarks and peering at the chart, gaining when close under the shore and losing in the full current sweep of mid-channel, until finally a long hitch among the rocks of Pasque Island let us fetch across to the other shore, dropping anchor off a crescent of white sand. Left alone except for a distant red farmhouse on a hill beyond the dunes, we took our reward in a swim out of the tide, with mainsail and mizzen still set.

After we reset the genoa, a slant carried us beyond Quicks Hole and into Vineyard Sound, destination Tarpaulin Cove on Naushon Island, sanctuary for generations of sailors. The late John Alden once told me that as a boy he had seen more than 100 coasting schooners sheltering within its protecting arms. Safe not only against dread nor'westers and nor'easters of winter, the old windjammers bound for Long Island Sound also lay there during periods of strong summer sou'westers, as they could not make headway to windward when loaded. In our modern age of small pleasure boats, it is a magnet for picnic lunches and overnight stops, as well as for those awaiting milder weather, and we dropped anchor in the midst of a small fleet.

It was midafternoon before we stirred again and reached along the shore of Naushon to Woods Hole. Something of a legend surrounds this particular channel joining Buzzards Bay and Vineyard Sound, a dogleg studded by rocks and swept by a tide transcending ordinary experience. I have been asked about Woods Hole by sailors as far away as the Baltic, and it seems to form a mental hurdle for many cruising the area.

Let it be said that although Woods Hole involves some element of risk—woe betide the power vessel running out of gas or the sailboat out of breeze at a critical point—on no account should it be missed. The fainthearted may prefer to make the passage at slack tide, easily determined from published tables, but then it is like almost any other body of water. Choose, rather, to arrive nearly at maximum flood or ebb; study the detail chart carefully, memorizing the placement of key marks and ranges, as later there may be scant time to divert attention from the helm. Prepare for surging crosscurrents, as ready to sweep the boat sideways out of the fairway as the main flow is to cheek progress entirely, and for a radical change of orientation at the spindle marking sunken Grassy Island. Prepare, also, to make the critical mile in seemingly one minute flat if the tide is fair, an hour if not. And keep discreetly away in thick fog.

As *Finisterre* entered with a fresh breeze at her back, we

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In all stages of disrepair, Block Island's rambling wooden hotels linger as reminders to the restless that people once stayed put on their holidays.

were showing up to seven knots on the Kenyon, faster than the engine could have driven us. Soon our progress over the bottom began to slow, as the current was running foul—slower, slower, as we got farther in, then coming almost to a halt at the Grassy Island turn. With the puffs, *Finisterre* would forge ahead; in the lulls she would drop back, while around us the water ran with the curious serpentine undulations of a swift-flowing river. Each exposed rock showed the white fangs of a sailor's nightmare, but more startling were the buoys: nuns and cans alike, huge steel cylinders no offshore sea could bury, behaving like errant porpoises, now sucking under, now breaching above the surface, a now-you-see-'em-now-you-don't fillip to the usual uncertainties of navigation.

It has undoubtedly become apparent that cruising the waters east of The Race and west of the Cape bears little resemblance to indolent drifts on the Chesapeake (SI, Oct. 9, 1961). One is like a casual stroll through a garden, the other has aspects of an Alpine climb—easy enough in part but always requiring the necessity of paying attention, a succession of minor challenges represented by tide, fog and swiftly altering weather patterns, making the harbors and the lazy moments even more pleasant by contrast.

And so it was for us after we had finally broken through. Off to port lay Hadley Harbor, teacup snug, where once I had ridden out a howling three-day nor'easter with barely a strain on the anchor rode. *Finisterre* crept through the winding entrance almost at sunset, only the tops of the sails filling, to come to rest near another small yawl. Donning sweaters—for hereabouts the chill falls fast when the sun lowers—we sat in the cockpit watching the sky and the colors so faithfully reproduced in the water: the golden rise outlining the clouds above the western horizon, then slowly turning a delicate mauve, almost exactly like the inside of a Bahamian conch shell. As we watched, the purple tints deepened, until Venus appeared framed in the pattern of rigging, soon to be joined by myriad stars, brighter than the riding lights of our fellow voyagers.

In the morning a heavy haze was in the air, rendering indistinct the nearby shoreline. Moisture dripped from the boom. "Fog," predicted the radio during breakfast, "light rain and fog, visibility one-half mile, less in patches, clearing about noon. Light southerly winds."

I must confess distaste for one phase of boating: groping through fog. Me, I'm from the sunny South, and it has always seemed compounding the cruelties of nature for fog to frequent the regions already made difficult by tide and rock. Still, the half-mile visibility did seem to offer a sporting chance, to say nothing of the noon clearing. So finally we crept forth, agreeing that if the first buoy was hard to find we would return.

A red-black can soon showed over the bow, then the spindle off Penzance Point, and *Finisterre* was again in the current.

On crossing Vineyard Sound we lost the land as the fog suddenly thickened. It was a gray world, with unusual interest in a floating bit of driftwood or a gull resting immobile.

Before uncertainty could turn to worry, however, one of the buoys off West Chop appeared, and beyond loomed the shoulder of Martha's Vineyard. Now around the corner lay a snug harbor, Vineyard Haven, ours for a turn to starboard and a short run along the beach, while beyond the next headland was Edgartown. Yet such is the perversity of the cruising yachtsman that the passage on to Nantucket seemed more alluring, 29 miles of swirling currents setting across rocky outcroppings.

We kept on, and our reward came before we had cleared Cape Poge. Almost as though a celestial button had been pushed, the overcast peeled back, the sun broke through in warming torrents, and the water changed from gray to blue. Tentatively a puff of breeze came from the west, then another, and soon all around us were dancing whitecaps. Mainsail, genoa, mizzen, mizzen staysail—one by one the sails went aloft, and Cross Rip lightship became a rapidly growing scarlet toy on the horizon, to recede almost as speedily after *Finisterre* rounded.

Nantucket has always possessed a special charm for me, as it should for anyone interested in the sea. From this tiny island off the New England coast bold mariners penetrated the most difficult and distant regions on the globe, engaged in the most hazardous trade—the capture and killing of whales by hand. Ships and men were lost in the ice packs of both poles, as well as on uncharted equatorial reefs in the far Pacific; vessels foundered in gales or went to the bottom, planking stove in when the pursued turned pursuer. Yet most managed to struggle home, two years out of port, three years, even four, to this little island, where walks were built atop the houses so those waiting could scan the horizon in mingled hope and doubt.

It blew hard while *Finisterre* lay overnight at one of the guest moorings of the Nantucket Yacht Club, and on the following morning the small-craft warnings still flew. In deference, a small jib was set, but outside we found a dying slop of a sea and a breeze with little heft. Changing to a genoa, *Finisterre* came alive. For most of our cruise it seemed we had been bucking the tide; now it was fair. Rail down, we fetched Cross Rip lightship close reaching. Coming on the wind, the tide set us bodily forward and we gained on Cape Poge in giant strides. But alas! on the final leg into Edgartown, tragedy struck. Gradually the wind had freshened, but stubbornly we had held on to the genoa as the distance diminished. Now with Chappaquiddick Island abeam we were telling ourselves how glorious it was—glittering water rushing along the lee deck and sloshing into the cockpit, liferails burying, the quarterwave sucking over the transom—when there was a crash from below. Some leftover swordfish, intended for lunch, had decanted into the port bunk—which happened to be mine.

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Behind, there is a feeling of the hinterlands, dusty and hot; beyond, the chill tang of the open sea.

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Perhaps the most sophisticated of the island resorts, with smart shops and a variety of restaurants, Edgartown has a residential area of charm, some of the houses stemming back to whaling fortunes. But I must confess finding the Vineyard a shade too civilized for my taste. It is possible my reaction was unfairly colored by a visit to Gay Head, last stand of the Gay Head Indians. The magnificent view from the cliffs, embracing Nantucket, Cuttyhunk and a whole sweep of the Elizabeth Islands, has been partially obscured by commercial enterprises of the red men: a lunchroom under the banner of Napoleon Madison, Chief Medicine Man; plywood tepees filled with garish pottery and beadwork; a team of oxen placarded "Take your picture with the oxen 25¢."

But my gorge settled, and I made peace with Martha's Vineyard, on entering Menemsha, final port of call, tucked in behind that same Gay Head. From the water the entrance is barely visible, just a bell buoy close in under a short stone breakwater. Enter carefully, watching the tide, and be ready to swing sharply to port. There, in a basin, lies a snug working fishing port, picturesque because not consciously so, free of the usual trappings that grow up around quaint places from Portofino to Papeete.

Menemsha shelters an extensive and varied fleet. There are swordfishermen with padded rings atop tall masts, some fitted with seats like children's swings, to make easier the long hours of scanning the sea for the sickle fin of a basking broadbill. Over the bows extend almost equally long pulpits, with the ancient tools of the harpoon fisherman's trade at hand: barbed lances, tubs of lines, painted floats.

Chocked among these are the offshore trawlers, rugged little vessels, dark green of topside, trimmed in black, with nets drying from orange masts, and between the larger craft shuttle the lobstermen, looking for space to unload basket after basket of crustaceans fresh from the sea's deep caverns.

Everything else about Menemsha also carries the tang of the sea, the piles of traps and floats littering the quayside, the discarded trawl doors, the rusted anchors bedded into the sand and weeds. Boiling tide, wheeling, screeching gulls, smell of salt and hint of chill always in the air, Menemsha conveys the undiluted essence of the sea—complete to a surf boat poised on rollers at the Coast Guard station, a reminder that outside, even in this electronic age, ancient forces exist.

And by way of perfect contrast, *Finisterre* slanted across to Newport in one lazy jump, wind abeam. Cuttyhunk off to starboard, Sakonnet Point also to starboard, then the panoply of Castle Hill and the inner approaches to Newport, gray stone mansions and clipped green lawns, flowing down to encompass a final anchorage in Brenton Cove, the very heart of American yachting. **AND**

Back of Gay Head lies Menemsha, a snug fishing port sheltering swordfishermen and trawlers.

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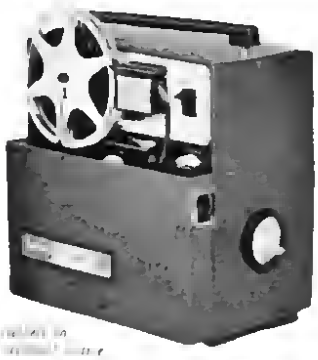

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—As Cincinnati struggled to stay in the National League's first division, Red Owner Bill DeWitt squelched rumors that FRED HUTCHINSON was on his way out by signing the onetime Manager of the Year (1961 when the Reds won the NL pennant) to a new two-year contract, good through 1965.

BOATING—By the narrow margin of a single point MRS. ALLEGRA (LEGGIE) KNAPP MERTZ of the American Yacht Club, Rye, N.Y., captured her fifth Syce Cup. The victory qualified Leggie for the North American Women's Sailing Championships in August, an event she has won three times.

"On the very first lap I almost climbed out of the cockpit and said the hell with it, but then I got adjusted and now I'm going boat racing," said veteran Auto Driver EDDIE SACHS after driving his first hydroplane, *Sunch Crest*, in a trial run on the Detroit River. Sachs, who hit a wall in this year's Indianapolis "500," hopes to enter the Diamond Cup on July 27 but will not let his new water career interfere with any of his land commitments.

The fifth annual Around Long Island Marathon provided water choppy enough to prevent RAY ATWOOD and GEORGE THOMPSON from eating their candy bars, but it did not stop their 18-foot Glastron *El Diablo* from beating 27 boats across the finish line of the more-than-200-mile race, to give the combination top honors in the inboard class.

CHARLES F. JOHNSON, 66, president of the Daytona Marine Corporation, skippered one of his own models—the *Daytona 37* (a 37-foot sport fishing boat with twin 380-hp engines) nonstop from Miami to New York in the record elapsed time of 46 hours 23 minutes, to clip 9 hours 35 minutes off the mark set by the late Sam Griffith in a Bertram 31.

BOWLING—After seven months of play, during which many of the 15,392 contestants commuted back and forth from their homes to Chicago, bowling's richest ($400,192) and most informal tournament came to an end as RANDY AUBERT of Broadview, Ill., was declared winner of the 53rd Petersen Classic. After rolling an eight-game series of 1,677 on April 24, Randy had to sweat out 5,792 bowlers taking aim at his lead before he collected the $30,100 top prize and traditional diamond-and-ruby medal, worth a mere $2,500.

BOXING—Eight ounces over the weigh-in limit, Featherweight Champion SUGAR RAMOS sweated off the half pound in 45 minutes and retained his world title by outpointing Nigerian Challenger Ratiu King in a 15-round go in Mexico City. It was Ramos' first defense of the crown he won in Los Angeles last March against Davey Moore, who later died of injuries suffered in the fight.

FOOTBALL—The formidable four-man defensive line of the New York Giants became a truncated trio when ROOSEVELT GRIER, the 31-year-old, 290-pound All-Pro tackle, was lopped away from his teammates Dick Modzelewski, Andy Robustelli and Jim Katcavage and traded to the Los Angeles Rams for a future high draft choice and 1962 benchwarmer John LoVetere, who is four years younger, five pounds lighter and, at 6 feet 4 inches, an inch shorter than Rosey.

GOLF—*Lefty* BOB CHARLES *of New Zealand sank* one incredible putt after another to defeat Phil Rodgers of La Jolla, Calif. by eight strokes in the 36-hole playoff of the British Open. The first southpaw to win a PGA tournament (last April's Houston Classic) thus became the first to take a major international championship as well (*see page 10*).

"I'm not sure I won it," said 1958 Champion BARBARA McINTIRE in disbelief after Jean Ashley blew a tap-in 15-inch putt on the final hole to give her a 1-up victory in the Western Women's Amateur golf championship in Colorado Springs, Colo.

HARNESS RACING—Stanley Dancer guided favorite SU MAC LAD ($4.10) to a three-length triumph over Sprite Rodney in the $50,000 American Trotting Championship at Roosevelt. Mighty Indian was third, while last year's winner, Porterhouse, clopped in fourth.

HOCKEY—Fired as coach at Chicago, after having guided the Black Hawks out of the cellar and into *five* straight Stanley *Cup playoffs*, RUDY *PILOUS*, 48, will get another chance to display his mastermindling talents on ice. He has been named coach of the Denver Invaders, newest member of the Western Hockey League.

HORSE RACING—Favorite CANDY SPOTS ($3) with Willie Shoemaker in the saddle, evened the score with B. Major, the 40-to-1 long shot who beat him last month, and broke a two-race losing streak by pulling away in the stretch to win the $110,833 American Derby by one and a quarter lengths at Arlington Park. Crowdus finished third, with Lemon Twist fourth.

Chateaugay, Candy Spots' other nemesis, had problems of his own as OUTING CLASS ($12.70), with Bob Ussery in the irons, and 49-to-1 long shot Tenacle with John Ruane up, both beat him to the wire in the $85,000 Dwyer Handicap at Aqueduct. Greentree Stable's Outing Class earned first prize of $55,250, while Tenacle, who finished a length back, picked up $17,000 for La Cima Stable.

Manuel Yeaza rode 1962 Kentucky Derby Winner DECIDEDLY ($8.80) to a length-and-a-half triumph over favorite Mongo in the $111,300 Monmouth Handicap at Monmouth Park. Guadalcanal, displaying his usual come-from-behind form, caught Sunrise County to scamper in third.

A long shot from New Zealand took the Hollywood Gold Cup as CADIZ ($50.20), ridden by Eddie Burns, found daylight in the stretch and beat Aldershot to the wire in the *$162,100* handicap at Hollywood Park. Overwhelming favorite Crimson Satan ended up dead last in the field of 10.

Jockey Jim Combest rode favorite SPICY LIVING ($3.20) to a comfortable six-and-a-half-length win over Tona in the $65,375 Delaware Oaks at Delaware Park.

MOTOR SPORTS—With big brother Stirling in attendance, Britain's ace female sports car driver PAT MOSS, 28, married Sweden's ace male sports car driver, ERIK CARLSSON, 33, in London. Said Erik in true honeymoon spirit, "Pat can do as much of the driving as she wants."

SUMO WRESTLING—Taiho Naya, Japan's 23-year-old 300-pound Grand Champion, had his record of six straight tournament victories snapped at the Sumo Summer Tournament in Nagoya when he finished third behind Ozeki (Champion) KITABAYAMA (who is 5 feet 8 inches and averages four pounds per inch). Taiho still has two more chances this year to tie an alltime record of 12 victories.

SWIMMING—At the Far Western Invitational meet in Los Altos, Calif., the SANTA CLARA SWIM CLUB relay team of Steve Clark, Don Schollander, Ed Townsend and Nick Schoenmann covered the 400-meter distance in 3:42.2, better by .3 second than the listed world record, but slower than their own pending mark of 3:39.9 set on July 4. Little CATHY JEAN FERGUSON, 14, bettered the national 200-meter backstroke record with a 2:30.9 clocking, but the world mark of Japan's Satako Tanaka (2:28.5) remains intact.

BOBBY McGREGOR, Scotland's 19-year-old sprint star, broke the world record in the 110-yard freestyle by .3 second, stroking the distance in 54.4 at a meet in Blackpool, England.

TENNIS—At the USLTA boys' and girls' championships in Chattanooga, two champions retained their titles, and all four won without dropping a set. JANE (Peaches) BARTKOWICZ of Hamtramck, Mich., took the girls' 14-and-under title again, defeating Lynne Abbes of Orinda, Calif. Defending Champ DICK STOCKTON of Riverdale, N.Y., won the boys' 12-year-old division singles, downing Erik Van Dillen of San Mateo, Calif. CONNIE CAPOSSI of Middletown, Ohio knocked out another Californian, Pam Teeguarden of Los Angeles, in the girls' 12-year-old division, and Chattanooga's ZAN GUERRY, runner-up last year, beat Houston's George Taylor for the boys' 14-and-under crown.

"I really shouldn't have won. I double-faulted 15 times, and I've never done that before," said tireless *BITSY GRANT*, 52, after defeating George *Ball* 1-6, 6-4, 6-2 to win the National Seniors' Clay Court singles championship for a record sixth time in Bethesda, Md. Earlier the soft-game master teamed with Larry Shippey to win the senior doubles for a record fourth straight time.

In Bastad, Sweden, Wimbledon Champion Chuck McKinley lost to Yugoslavia's Boro Jovanovic, who then was defeated by Sweden's JAN ERIK LUNDQUIST in the finals. Chuck and partner Dennis Ralston, who was eliminated in the singles by another Yugoslav, redeemed themselves by taking the doubles title, while Dennis teamed with women's singles titlist EDDA BUDING to win the mixed doubles crown.

TRACK & FIELD—Warming up for Moscow, JOHN PENNEL, 22-year-old graduate of Northeast Louisiana State College, raised the world pole vault record once again by leaping 16 feet 8¾ inches at the British track and field championships in London. The leap bettered by ¾ inch the mark (not yet officially recognized) set by seriously injured Brian Sternberg, whom Pennel replaced on the American team.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

32—Herb Scharfman. 43—Gerry Cranham. 56—Charles Pugh, UPI; Tony Triolo. 57—Rich Clarkson, AP. 58—Bob Peterson.

FACES IN THE CROWD

MARIE DILLARD, 12, of Dawson, Ga., a 4-foot 9-inch, 80-pound bundle of tomboy, earned a starting position with the Braves of the Little Boys League and paced the team to the league title by batting .500 and covering third base like, well, like one of the boys.

BOBBY LUNN, 18, of San Francisco, who had done no better than a win in the San Mateo County tournament, blasted his way ahead of such competent regulars as Dick Sikes to become the youngest winner of the National Public Links Golf Championship in 37 years.

CHARLES WATSON, 18, of Williamsburg, Va., a fast-ball specialist in American Legion competition, hurled his third no-hitter in as many weeks. Watson also holds Virginia's District One league strikeout record with 20 in one game and has a .342 batting average.

HARRIET KING of Jackson Heights, N.Y., a member of the 1960 Olympic fencing team and two Pan American squads, entered the National Fencing Championships for a sixth time and dropped only one of eight bouts to win her first U.S. title—the individual foils.

CHUCK PATTON, 9-year-old son of Walker Cupper Billy Joe Patton, duplicated a feat achieved by his dad at age 25 when he shot a hole-in-one on the 6th at Mimosa Hills Golf Club in Morganton, N.C. Chuck has only to ace two more holes to tie his dad's alltime record.

BILLY SPENCER of Sarasota, Fla., entering his first men's water-skiing events at 13, left his elders, including former Coach Joe Cash (one of the world's best slalom skiers), far behind as he took the highest point total to capture first position on the U.S. world team.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

THE PLAYER Early Wynn won his first major league game in 1941 and his 299th last September. Seven times after that he tried for his 300th, a number only 13 other pitchers have reached. Each time he pitched well and each time he came close, yet he never won. When he finally did achieve his goal last week, at the age of 43, it came on a day when he pitched his worst. Wynn gave up four runs to the Athletics but, thanks to some uncommonly lusty hitting by his Cleveland teammates, he held a 5-4 lead when he departed after five innings, exhausted. He watched two innings from the dugout, then showered and sat nervously in the radio booth during the final inning. Then Wynn went to the clubhouse, where the team gave him a standing ovation. Wynn beamed and sought out Jerry Walker, who had pitched four shutout innings to save the victory for him. "Roomie," Wynn said, "you and I are going out tonight." Wynn had not pitched well, but no one cared. It was time he had a little luck.

EARLY WYNN

THE PLAYER There occurred in San Francisco recently an incident of such public interest that within minutes the switchboards of newspapers and Candlestick Park were flooded with irate calls. Manager Alvin Dark had had the audacity to put in a pinch hitter (who struck out) for Willie McCovey, simply because a left-hander, Bobby Shantz, was pitching. McCovey, the leading home run hitter in the major leagues, has been driving all pitchers, lefties and righties, to cover. Hitting in 17 straight games, McCovey blasted 12 home runs and batted in 21 runs. Still, Manager Dark had the nerve to say Big Willie could not hit "some" left-handers. "I can't hit 'em if they don't let me get up to bat," said Willie. The next day Dark let Willie bat against left-hander Ray Sadecki of the Cards. To the delight of everybody in San Francisco, and especially the group of ball-hungry youngsters who gather beyond the right field fence whenever he bats, McCovey drove Sadecki's fast ball for a home run.

WILLIE McCOVEY

THE TEAM When most people think of Johnny Pesky they remember that October afternoon in 1946 when, holding the ball, he stood transfixed in short center field while Enos Slaughter raced home with the run that beat the Boston Red Sox in the World Series. Now Pesky is manager of the Red Sox, and Boston fans are beginning to forget his lapse. The Red Sox are winning as they have not won in years—since 1951, as a matter of fact—and last week they were in second place, a tremendous improvement on last year's eighth-place finish. While most Boston rooters are applauding Pesky, he himself is quick to give the credit to his players. Carl Yastrzemski (.334) and Frank Malzone (.324) are the No. 1 and No. 3 hitters in the league; Dick Radatz has the best winning percentage (10–1, .909) and the lowest ERA (1.30) in the major leagues; and Bill Monbouquette has a dozen victories. Last week Radatz gave up two hits in seven innings and picked up two wins. After the first one, in which he yielded only one scratch single in three innings, he was almost apologetic. "I don't want to alibi," Radatz said, "but I had a stiff neck and didn't have my good stuff at all." It was an alarming thought.

THE TEAM Remember the good old days in the National League when there were as many as five teams fighting for first place? That was back in June of 1963. But now it is July, and the Los Angeles Dodgers, by winning 11 out of 12 games, have jumped six games ahead of the other contenders. The one Dodger loss was due to a pop fly that Jim Gilliam lost in the sun—excusable, perhaps, because the Dodgers play mostly night games. During their rush to the top the Dodgers got phenomenal pitching. While the hitters averaged only four runs a game, batting a meager .244, the pitchers threw six shutouts and eight complete games and permitted only 17 runs over the 12-game stretch. The big man on the staff was Sandy Koufax, who threw three straight shutouts, giving him nine for the season. The Dodger management could not have been more pleased. About 15,000 more people than usual show up at Chavez Ravine every time Koufax pitches at home and, helped by this, attendance was up to 1,275,051, almost as good as last year's record pace. Walter O'Malley was smiling. The pennant just slipped through his fingers last year, but it is beginning to look as though that will not happen again.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

THE WEEK	W	L	BA	SB	DP	OPP DP	PITCHING WALKS	SO
BALTIMORE	3	1	.266	5	7	4	14	23
CHICAGO	2	1	.270	3	4	2	8	26
CLEVELAND	3	2	.315	2	2	7	14	21
BOSTON	3	2	.298	0	4	8	22	33
WASHINGTON	3	2	.229	1	4	7	13	30
NEW YORK	3	2	.258	1	6	4	19	40
DETROIT	2	2	.287	5	7	5	14	32
KANSAS CITY	2	3	.286	1	6	8	22	32
MINNESOTA	1	4	.199	1	5	4	11	29
LOS ANGELES	1	4	.198	1	5	3	14	30

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	W	L	BA	SB	DP	OPP DP	PITCHING WALKS	SO
LOS ANGELES	6	0	.254	2	5	10	10	44
PHILADELPHIA	4	1	.284	2	1	3	15	31
PITTSBURGH	4	1	.244	1	4	2	13	20
MILWAUKEE	3	2	.236	0	4	7	14	30
ST. LOUIS	3	3	.228	7	7	3	28	26
CHICAGO	2	3	.250	5	4	2	15	35
CINCINNATI	2	4	.246	4	4	4	15	45
SAN FRANCISCO	2	4	.225	2	2	2	16	34
HOUSTON	1	4	.150	1	3	4	15	32
NEW YORK	0	5	.171	0	8	5	21	15

THE SEASON*

	Slugging %		RBI		SO	
NEW YORK	Mantle	.601	Pepitone	44	Ford	101
BOSTON	Yastrzemski	.508	Stuart	55	Radatz	113
CHICAGO	Ward	.470	Robinson	51	Pizarro	113
BALTIMORE	Gentile	.470	Robinson	47	Barber	99
CLEVELAND	Alvis	.454	2 with	35	Kralick	77
MINNESOTA	Killebrew	.575	Allison	59	Stigman	102
LOS ANGELES	Wagner	.539	Wagner	59	McBride	101
KANSAS CITY	Siebern	.417	Charles	46	Pena	84
DETROIT	Kaline	.537	Kaline	57	Bunning	117
WASHINGTON	King	.517	Lack	41	Cheney	98

	Slugging %		RBI		SO	
LOS ANGELES	Howard	.461	Fairly	48	Koufax	163
SAN FRANCISCO	McCovey	.591	McCovey	58	Marichal	122
CHICAGO	Santo	.500	Santo	62	Jackson	92
ST. LOUIS	White	.524	White	62	Gibson	89
CINCINNATI	Pinson	.494	Pinson	53	Maloney	134
MILWAUKEE	H. Aaron	.595	H. Aaron	69	Lemaster	119
PITTSBURGH	Clendenon	.486	Clendenon	38	Friend	93
PHILADELPHIA	Covington	.566	Demeter	51	Culp	121
HOUSTON	Warwick	.369	Goss	33	Bruce	88
NEW YORK	Snider	.447	Hickman	31	Jackson	86

*through Saturday, July 13

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE LEGEND

Sirs:

Your article by Walter Bingham on the recent professional tennis tournament (*A Legend Dies on the Court*, July 8) left me and, I am certain, many thousands of others with a heavy heart.

Those of us who have followed tennis for more than just a few years will always remember Pancho Gonzalez as one of the really great ones in tennis history. To read that his defeat was "one of the happiest moments in tennis" for Tony Trabert does not endear my fellow Cincinnatian to me.

CARL M. GUTMANN

Cincinnati

Sirs:

Trabert could not have chosen a better time to get in his below-the-belt blows than this one, since he caught "the king" after a 21-month layoff and a convincing beating at the hands of Alex Olmedo, who only a few years ago was such a flop at Forest Hills. Oh, well, to the victor goes the spoils, and you, Tony boy, have had yours. Pancho might not be the biggest diplomat on the court, but after seeing him play in Oklahoma City there's no doubt in my mind of his greatness. I will put my money on Pancho any day if he wants to make a comeback on the pro tour. I don't suppose I would have to look far to find others who feel the same way, would I?

JIM RUSHTON

Norman, Okla.

Sirs:

I couldn't help thinking of the world's two fine, highly respected athletes, Rafer Johnson and C. K. Yang. Is it possible that if Rafer attempted a comeback at this time and failed Yang "would have his happiest moment in track and field"? I think not!

NAN DALEBOUT

Newport Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

Thank you for showing us how really small Tony Trabert is! Even his home-town fans here disown him. Pancho Gonzalez has been, and always will be, an asset to the game of tennis.

RONALD ASH

Cincinnati

REFOCUS

Sirs:

The woman pictured in the sailboat with Bill Muncey in your July issue (*Special: The Large Economy Size in Gold Cups*) and identified as his wife is Miss Peggy Lawton of Seattle, a member of my Adams Cup crew.

MRS. BILL MUNCEY

Mercer Island, Wash.

● For a clearer view of Mrs. Muncey, see above.—ED.

KIT MUNCEY AND CREW: HUSBAND BILL, SONS WILLIAM, 10, ADRIAN, 8, AND KENTON, 3

Sirs:

Since when is the Glen Flora Country Club located in Chicago (*The Rich Get Richer*, July 8)? Please advise all of your millions of readers that the Glen Flora Country Club is located in Waukegan, Ill., the Seaport to the World.

We are proud of our town.

BERNARD BARNETT

Waukegan, Ill.

ASK A QUESTION . . .

Sirs:

My friend and I had an argument over why a boxer develops a strong neck. He said that it is to prevent his neck from being broken. I said this wasn't the real reason. They do it to avoid being knocked out.

I am 5 feet 6 inches tall and weigh 128 pounds. Do you think a blow from a fighter such as Liston or Patterson would break my neck?

PAUL WELCH

Seaford, N.Y.

● Yes.—ED.

FUN ON THE LINKS

Sirs:

Here is perhaps a noteworthy golf feat. My wife and I play golf at the Galion Country Club. Six years ago I was fortunate in having a hole in one on our 135-yard second hole. This year my wife had a hole in one on the 116-yard fourth hole. Just wondering how many other husband-and-wife hole-in-one combinations are on record. My father-in-law also had a hole in one. His occurred five years ago.

JIM CASS

Galion, Ohio

Sirs:

Robert Smethers recently took his two sons with him to the Moses Lake Golf Club to celebrate Father's Day. On the 150-yard second hole his son, Ranny, age 19, showed his regard for his father by shooting a hole in one. Robert then stepped up to the tee and scored a birdie 2 on the hole. His youngest son, Greg, age 16, not to be outdone, then fired away for a par 3, resulting in scores of 1, 2, 3 on the hole.

NORMAN L. EILERT

Othello, Wash.

Sirs:

My husband, Jim Leavell, had 18 putts for 18 holes on the golf course, and I thought you might want to publish something about this unusual accomplishment.

MRS. JIM LEAVELL

Houston

THE NEW GAME

Sirs:

My wife's father, the late Paul T. B. Ward, treasurer of Samuel Ward Manufacturing Co., stationers of Boston, spent the summer of 1897 working at the Mount Pleasant House in the White Mountains, earning funds for his next year at Amherst College. That year he wrote a letter about a new kind of game to his mother in Newton Center, Mass.:

continued

Avis can't afford unwashed cars.

Or smudged mirrors, dirty ashtrays, or anything less than new cars like lively, super-torque Fords.

Why?

When you're not the biggest in rent a cars, you have to try harder.

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DON'T FORGET...

THE SEAFAIR, Seattle, August 2-11. Take the whole family along on United's economical Family Plan available on all flights including our convenient jet nonstop from New York to Seattle.

THE MARLBORO SPORTS CAR RACES, Upper Marlboro, Maryland, August 18. You can reach nearby Baltimore by jet on United, offering more jets to more U.S. cities than any other airline.

THE AMERICAN GOLF CLASSIC, Akron, Ohio, August 22-25. Take along your own clubs at United's special rate for golfers—$4 takes your golf bag with you anywhere around United's mainland system ($9 between California and Hawaii).

THE U. S. L. T. A. NATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS, Forest Hills, N. Y., August 28—September 8. Another fine opportunity to bring the family on United's economical Family Plan! Take the family's pick of United's five nonstops from Los Angeles to New York.

YOUR BALL CLUB'S AUGUST TRIPS, wherever they play. If you're anxious to follow the club during the crucial road games of August, United can help. Since we fly 19 of the 20 major league clubs, it's a cinch we can get you there as swiftly and conveniently as the team!

THE ARLINGTON CLASSIC, Chicago, August 3. Make your reservations on United, offering you more jets to more U. S. vacation and sports centers than any other airline. For example, 7 daily nonstops from Los Angeles to Chicago.

UNITED

THE EXTRA CARE AIRLINE

"Dear Mother," it ran. "My college friend, Arthur Howard (Amherst '98), came up yesterday and asked me if I wanted to play golf. I said yes. And off we went. A. C. Howe came along also.

"We took turns caddying, one caddying, two playing. We went out across the river to the teeing ground of the first hole. It is a little elevated piece of bare ground from which the ball is driven in the direction of the first putting green.

"The ball is some sort of rubber or chemical compound about one and a quarter inches through, and perfectly round.

"We took a handful of dirt from a box placed there for that purpose, and making a little pile placed the ball on it. Then we took our sticks and drove the ball as far as we could.

"The sticks used in driving from the teeing ground are either the driver bulger or brassy masher. They are a good deal the same, the brassy masher having a little different shaped head and a brass bottom. They are sticks somewhat like a hockey stick only with slender half-inch handles and a knob-like bulge at the end, the knob almost round and about two and a half inches through.

"By elevating the ball a little it can be driven farther.

"The object of the game is to take as few strokes as possible and hence to hit the ball as far as possible and avoid all ditches and brooks and water. There are long grass, ditches, swamps and brooks everywhere called hazards, which are meant to make it hard for the players.

"About 180 yards off is the putting green, a circular level spot in the centre of which is a hole, the goal of the first route. So it is through nine holes.

"As caddy I had to carry the clubs, for there are four varieties almost everyone used, and some used more. Besides doing this, the caddy has to keep score of the number of strokes used, and watch and find each ball. So it is no light task being everywhere at once and keeping watch of what everyone is doing.

"We have had three ball games, with Franconia Inn, North Conway and Bethlehem. We won all three. Foster, Class of '99, Morse '97, Chase and Boyden, all played."

There is another paragraph which has nothing to do with golf, but I hate to leave it out. "Monday," it runs, "one of the girls was fired for appearing in the dining hall drunk. She was an old hand and a bold, bad girl. Nobody chummed with her though everyone talked with her and had good laughs together.

"Next week the people and the girls begin to leave, and I probably will write earlier. But for now goodbye." The letter was signed, "Your loving son, Paul T. B. Ward."

REV. HARRY W. FOOT

Mason, N. H.

Why did they ever put a red circle on a tire?

To mark it as the ultimate tire. Newly designed with the strength, the stopping power, and the wear that give you and your family the margin of protection you need. The "red circle of security" doesn't add to these qualities. But it does enable you to recognize at a glance the tires that deliver them. They are the ultimate premium tires—the very best you can buy.

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